THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVIII No. 1804

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

AUG. 18 1934

"It is best because it is clear — therefore it is clearly the best"

DINNEFORD'S

Pure Fluid

MAGNESIA

The safest and most effective corrective of Acidity, Heartburn, Flatulence, Liverishness, Bilious Headache, and Discomfort after Food. Eliminates the excess Acids which predispose to Rheumatism and Gout. A gentle and pleasant aperient. Famous for over 100 years as the best form of Magnesia for Infants and all Adults, especially Invalids and the Aged.

Of course there was Cointreau in the Fruit Salad!

COINTREAU

Extra Dry for England

THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR

HAMBLINS "CONTOUR" SPECTACLES

BY APPOINTMENT
THEODORE HAMBLIN, Ltd.
DISPENSING OPTICIANS
15 Wigmore Street, London, W.1,
and Provincial Branches

CONFORM TO THE FEATURES

Absolute accuracy of prescription is becoming more and more recognised as a necessity of modern life. This can only be obtained with confidence from an Ophthalmic Surgeon.
THEODORE HAMBLIN, LTD., ONLY DISPENSE PRESCRIPTIONS SO ACQUIRED

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES DE RESZKE *of course!*

BY HOST-BY GUESTS BY ALL PREFERRED

Grant's Scotch Whisky

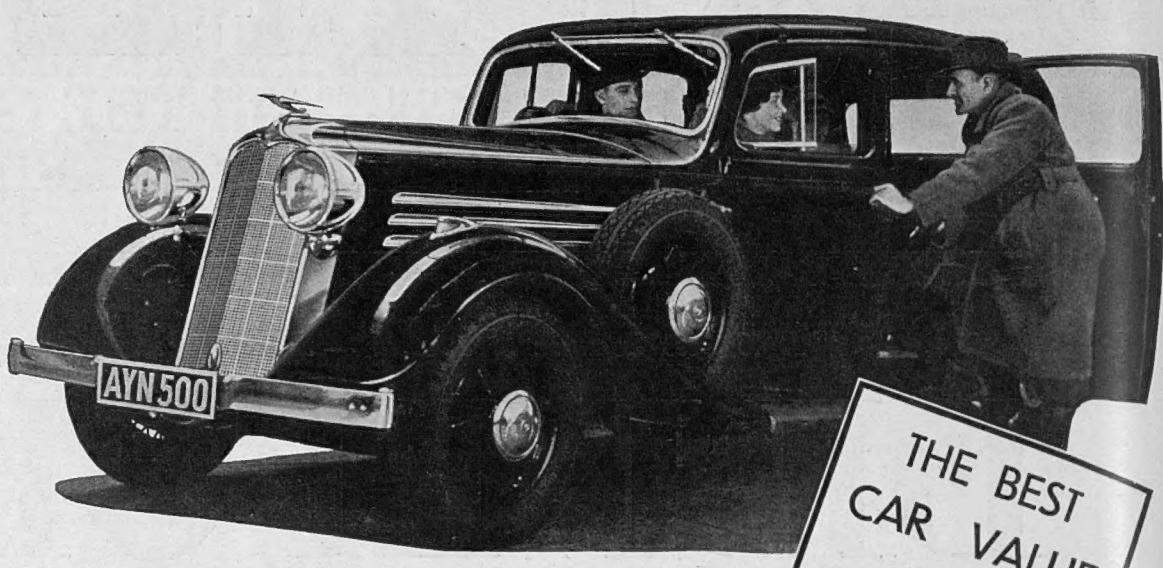
AUSTRALIA

Travel by THE MAIL ROUTE & THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT & COLOMBO
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
to
SPAIN, RIVIERA, ITALY
Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd. Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.3

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

£325 THE NEW 20 H.P. VAUXHALL SALOON

THIS new 20 h.p. Vauxhall Big Six is the kind of car you would expect to cost from £450 to £500. It is a big, luxurious saloon in the true Vauxhall tradition, yet the price is only £325, and next January the tax will be down to £15. For over thirty years Vauxhall have been building outstanding motor cars, but never before have they offered such remarkable value for money as in this new Big Six. It is an all-feature car, with entirely automatic chassis lubrication, pedomatic starting, vacuum controlled ignition, Synchro-Mesh gears, self-returning direction indicators and Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation. Also available with a 27 h.p. engine at no extra charge.



THE BEST CAR VALUE EVER OFFERED

20 h.p. Saloon £325. Wingham Convertible Cabriolet (Saloon to Tourer at a touch) £395. Romney 2-str. Drophead Coupe £360. Denton 4-str. Drophead Coupe £375. Tickford Foursome Coupe £365.

There is a 7 passenger Grosvenor Limousine on the 27 h.p. Big Six Long Chassis, £550.

VAUXHALL BIG SIX

London Showrooms: 174-182, Gt. Portland St., W.1. Catalogues on request from Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., The Hyde, London, N.W.9.

CAN NOW BE SEEN AND TRIED AT ALL VAUXHALL DEALERS

No party is complete without Gloag's "Grouse" Whisky

THE FAMOUS GROUSE BRAND

REG? TRADE MARK

BUY IT for its fragrant flavour, its medicinal value, its undoubted purity and age.

IT IS THE WHISKY that you will always want to have.

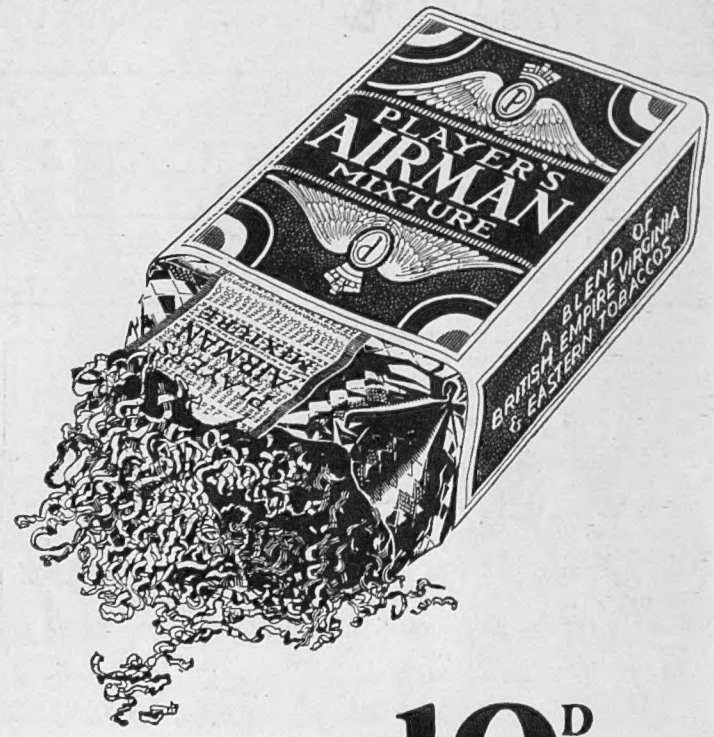
Ask for it from your Wine Merchant, but if difficult to obtain, send 25/- for 2 bottles for trial post free.

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, PERTH, SCOTLAND

Obtainable abroad from:—

S. RHODESIA - The "GROUSE" Agency, Box 678, Salisbury.
KENYA - Jardin, Ltd., Nairobi & Mombasa.
GIBRALTAR - M. Baglietto.
JAMAICA - H. M. Kalphat, Kingston.
BERMUDA - J. E. Lightbourn & Co., Hamilton.
Etc. Etc.

This delightful Tobacco . . .



10D PER OZ.

ALSO AIRMAN NAVY CUT and AIRMAN FLAKE – 10°oz.
AIRMAN NAVY CUT DE-LUXE 11° oz

P A 41.A

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

rooted in the stiff, black clay of tradition. We are incorrigibly cave-men. Instance the total failure of the twenty-four-hour clock campaign. Failure might have been anticipated in a nation that has stuck to the Lord Mayor's Show, the House of Lords, the M.C.C.'s control of cricket, and a dozen other hoary antiquities (dear to my heart). But the B.B.C. authorities could not have expected more than the excuse from the public that its brain was not equal to the strain of calculation involved; they must have been painfully surprised by the petulant counter-attack that it had usurped the functions of government and tried off its own bat to foist an impious innovation on a respectably conservative people. We were outraged and enraged, just as we were when the calendar was reformed and when threshing machines were insidiously substituted for hand-plied political speeches . . . ? I, myself, owe it a real debt of gratitude. I am grateful for Sir Walford Davies and his kind, for its transmission of the "proms" and other great concerts, and for its news service, only spoiled by the intolerable interruption in the sequence by eye-witnesses of irrelevant or unimportant happenings. It has, indeed, no reason for disappointment. It has given a great fillip to good music in a country long labelled as unmusical. Two million Britons to-day can whistle the "Destiny" motif from the Fifth Symphony, and if only our memory were more reliable and we had fewer distractions we should have stored away a great deal of information and curious knowledge on a vast range of subjects—a valuable storehouse of facts useful (if we had not lost the key) in guessing crossword puzzles. Where should we be to-day without the ubiquitous box?

IN SEARCH OF THE SEA'S BIG GAME: M. Georges Malaire (seated on left), a well-known French fisherman, and Baron Henri de Rothschild (extreme right), on board the yacht *Eros* from which they are at present engaged in tunny fishing off the coast of Yorkshire

flails. Splendid isolation is our policy in social matters as once in political. And there were grounds for discouragement in plenty in the Corporation's endeavour to improve public taste in the matter of litter and spoliation of the countryside. That, too, has hitherto utterly failed. If any official of the B.B.C. walked on Putney Heath the day after the August Bank Holiday he must have felt like Dido among the ruins of Carthage, the ruins of his hopes of uplifting the nation. And the polite campaign to lower road-murder figures—it has been uphill work; Sisyphus got better results. The progress graph is melancholy in the extreme, the green curve turns petulantly downward all the way. As an instrument of propaganda the B.B.C. has yet to prove its worth and gain its laurels.

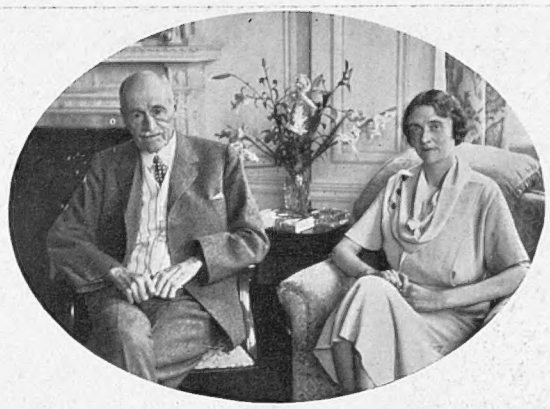
THE UBIQUITOUS BOX.—

But who so mean and niggardly as to deny that it has provided us all with a good deal of innocent amusement with its rather inarticulate vaudeville gags and its authoritative prophecies of coming political events in Europe and America (with the inevitable apologies and explanations of faulty prophets who feel the necessity for defending themselves on charges of inconsistency), with its elaborately prepared informal talks on grave subjects, its superbly banal

Only for mercy's sake let the Government see one yard ahead and forbid, before the vested interests have got away with it, the insane and criminal fashion of fitting these distractions in motor vehicles. That such things should be at a time when an intensive campaign to promote road safety is on foot, is most unbelievable. It makes one feel that the office of Transport Minister is an expensive, even ridiculous, futility.

TRACKS FOR CYCLISTS.—

A start is to be made in experimenting with special tracks for cyclists. It is curious that opposition should be feared from cyclists themselves. The push brotherhood should take a trip to Holland with their machines and try the new road which links Rotterdam to Delft. Hideous as the stark bareness of the scenery is, I fancy all their objections to a bicycle track would melt away. For that road is a model for speed and safety all the world over. The great motor speed track is marked for four lines of traffic, slow and fast. Beyond it on either side, neatly hedged, is an asphalt track for cyclists. Beyond the cycle tracks are paths for pedestrians shaded with avenues of trees. It must be the fastest and safest road in Europe. I am well aware that the problems of one country are not like those of another. Old England has grown up anyhow; government action is complicated by a thousand obscure rights and privileges rooted in tradition, obtained by user. Land when it is wanted can be devilish expensive to buy. Still, when the Minister of Transport has finished his tour of British roads during close time for traffic, he might do worse than book to Rotterdam and take a look at Delft *au vélo*.



SEVENTY-FOUR WEDS THIRTY-NINE: Sir Walter Gilbey and Mrs. Marion Miller Broadhead who were married last week at Huddersfield Register Office. The honeymoon is being spent at Harrogate

BARDS AND PROFITS.—

The Gorsedd of Bards had a wonderful reception at St. Donat's Castle, Glamorgan, during the Eisteddfod celebrations. The Castellan, in ancient bardic robes, commanded his halberdiers to let down the portcullis in their faces until proof of their bardship was forthcoming. This was easily supplied, and the bards, Geoffrey and Gwili and the rest, were admitted to a feast of reason and a flow of soul, punctuated with roast peacock, sucking pig and cygnet, washed down with claret and beer. The whole affair was conducted in an atmosphere of high politics and international brotherhood. The Castellan was an ex-Premier of Britain; the host of St. Donat's, for whom Mr. Lloyd George deputized, being that very famous American Press Lord, Mr. Hearst, who pays such enormous fees to British politician-journalists who can deliver with authority the goods which the Hearst Press values. Mr. George chose as his text for his Eisteddfod address the subject of how the present intense forms of nationalism (called patriotism) could be reconciled with world peace. The ceremony at St. Donat's seemed to suggest an answer. It typified an advanced stage of world brotherhood. For here was a British ex-Premier doing the honours in Wales for an American world-dictator of the Press whose princely offers attract the most famous journalists to strive in the cause of conciliation and brotherhood.

"A.B.": Miss Pamela Bourne, daughter of Sir Ronald Bourne, former Secretary of Defence in the South African Government, who served as a member of the crew in the four-masted sailing ship, *Herzogin Cecilie*, during the last trip from Australia. This picture was taken while the vessel was discharging cargo at Belfast

A FREE VOTE.—

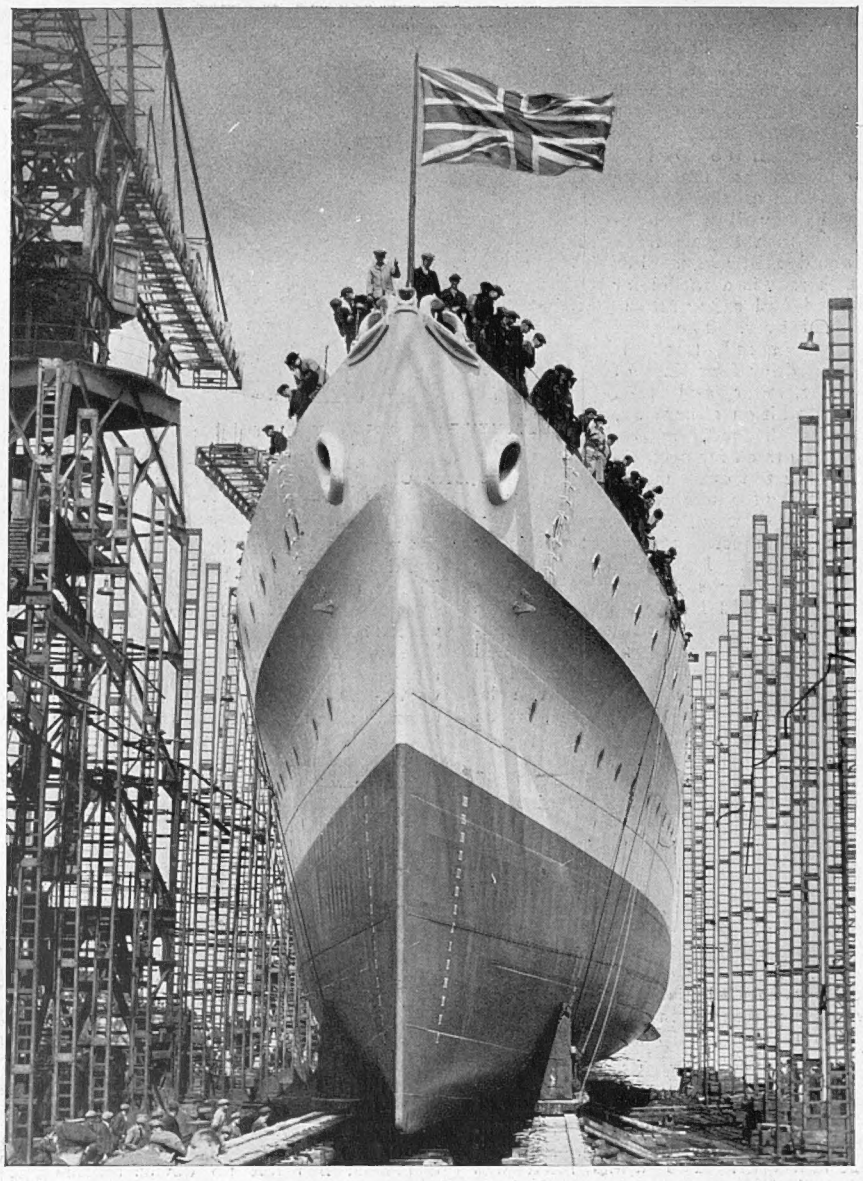
We are having, and to have, important experience of the workings of a plebiscite or free vote of a free people on a single issue. That which is to establish the Führer in his dual rôle of President-Chancellor has, it is claimed, no need of artificial aids. For Germany claims, in the face of uninformed foreign Press comment, to be the most perfectly united nation in Europe, united in its loyalty to and belief in Hitler as the one man capable of saving the nation and restoring her to her former greatness. But to make assurance doubly sure, that Emperor among publicity merchants, Dr. Goebbels, has left no device untried in staging the most terrific propaganda campaign in a nation's history. The temptation, one may say the risk, of putting the cross in the wrong place on the ballot paper was reduced to a minimum. The eye of every voter sees in the blank space left after "JA" a cross already shadowed; in the blank space left after "Nein" a very clear imprint of a loaded revolver. Hitler can have wasted no anxiety about the result. He knows his power, his people and his Goebbels. German freedom is composed of many kinds of force; force of arms, force of circumstance, and the force of a very strong personality working with the first and on the second.

ALL RIGHT ON THE NIGHT.—

It may be that the removal of Woolwich Arsenal to some rustic blasted heath would do much to allay the anxiety of Londoners in time of war. It is the Englishman's (and especially the Londoner's) faith that "it will be all right on the night." And it is true that in all matters connected with orderly conduct in times of panic, the phlegm and love of fair play which characterize the Anglo-Saxon, often make the task of the Government and police reasonably easy. With the problem of the safety of civilians during aerial bombardment, the difficulties in the way of dress rehearsals are so great that it is understandable if the Government decides to rely on these Anglo-Saxon characteristics and to bank on its being "all right on the night"! At any rate, there was no civilian instruction during the London air exercises. It is difficult to stage a rehearsal for a caste of 8,000,000 very obstinate and very independent supers. It needs a big stage and a general holiday. Yet other countries manage it and, at the same time, many people remember a number of deplorable instances of "British phlegm" in London air raids and remember that a hideous proportion of London's 8,000,000 are neither Angles nor Saxons, neither phlegmatic nor orderly. It would take a pageant-master of truly magnetic power to enthuse Londoners with the desire and determination to make a success of a full and representative dress rehearsal of air-raid safety measures, but I am prepared to believe that that Cromwell exists and ought to be given a chance to show what he can do. I don't believe it will be all right on the night unless each man at least knows what are his "exits and entrances" and where to lay his hand on his mask and other stage properties, and I believe that London would heartily respond to a great rehearsal, which of course will require time and infinite trouble to prepare.

THE OLD STAGER.

NORTH *and* SOUTH *of the* TWEED



A NEW CRUISER: The *Galatea* on the slipway at Messrs. Scott's yard at Greenock. She is the first of three cruisers to be built under the 1932 programme and, when finally completed, will have a displacement of 5,200 tons. At a luncheon given after the launch Mr. Robert L. Scott referred to the shortage of skilled workmen in British shipyards which, he said, was so serious that if there were a sudden demand for new vessels, either naval or mercantile, the men to do the work rapidly would not be forthcoming

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN LONDON FOR THE LATE PRESIDENT HINDENBURG: The Hungarian Chargé d'Affaires and the Hungarian Military Attaché leaving St. Mary's Church, Cleveland Place, after the ceremony

"ROANS WILD ROSE": The winner of the gold Challenge Cup in the Shire classes at the ninetieth annual show of the Tring Agricultural Society

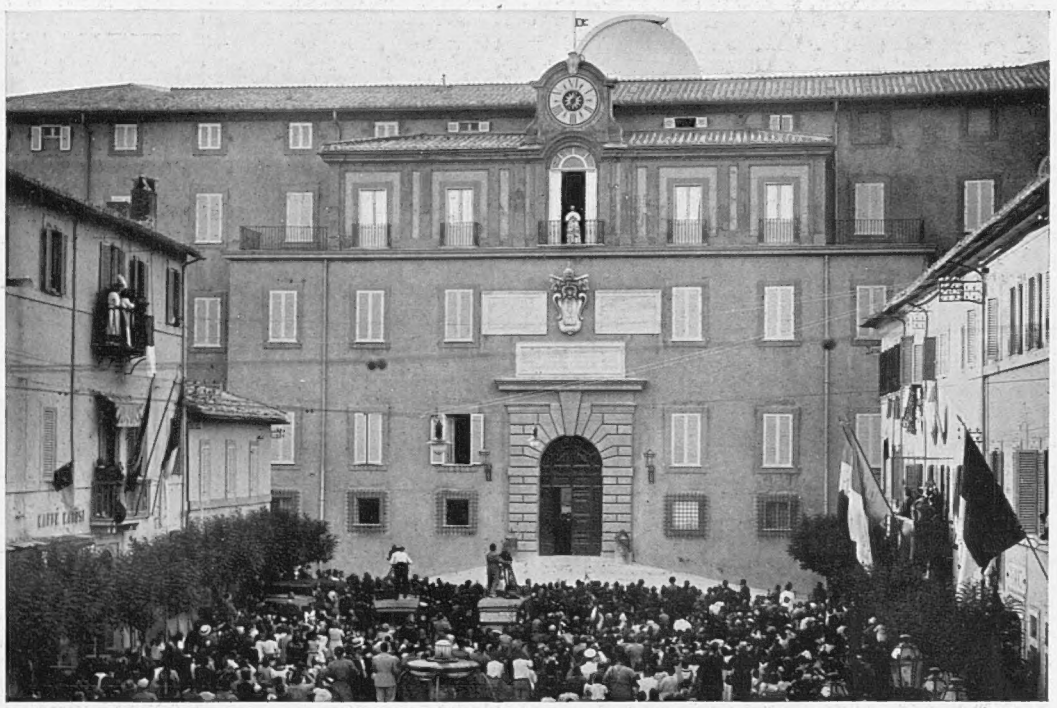
THE END OF A "CAUSE CÉLÈBRE": Princess Youssoupoff, Miss Fanny Holtzmann, the American lawyer, and Prince Youssoupoff, seen in London after the announcement had been made that an agreement had been reached in the *Rasputin* film case. It will be remembered that the Princess was awarded £25,000 damages and costs against Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Ltd., whom she claimed had libelled her in a film dealing with the life of the notorious Russian monk. The defendants appealed, but under a three-point settlement it has been decided that there shall be no more litigation

COMPETING FOR A PRIZE PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN: Five of the hundred entrants at a recent Baby Show at Clewer, near Windsor

A EUROPEAN SURVEY

THE YOUNG PRETENDER: Archduke Otto (left), the claimant to the Austrian throne, seen in Copenhagen during his recent visit to Denmark. It appears that Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and Rumania are opposed to a Habsburg restoration and that the Austrian leaders do not think the time is ripe for such a happening

A TRIBUTE TO AUSTRIA'S DEAD LEADER: The scene in the Heldenplatz, Vienna, during a recent mass demonstration of the Patriotic Front—the organization founded by the late Dr. Dollfuss to embrace all who believed in his idea of an independent, Christian, corporative State. Nearly 150,000 people were present and Herr Schuschnigg, the new Chancellor, delivered a stirring address in which he voiced his determination to carry on the work of national reconstruction begun by his predecessor. President Miklas was present at the meeting



THE POPE AT CASTEL GANDOLFO: His Holiness blessing the crowd from a balcony in the Papal Villa where he is now staying. This is the first holiday the Pope has had for twelve years and he will not return to the Vatican until the middle of next month

EXPELLED! *Above and top left*—Some of the ninety-seven Polish miners and their families whom the Prefect of the Pas de Calais ordered to leave France within three days. The expulsion order was made because the Poles imprisoned several French miners in the Escarpell Colliery at Leforest as a protest against the dismissal of several of their countrymen. Six of them have been detained and are to stand trial for causing a breach of the peace

HOME NEWS

FIGHTING A PHANTOM ARMY: A camouflaged field-gun and its crew ready for action during the 2nd Division exercises in the Aldershot area. They were opposed to an imaginary force whose position was indicated by the umpires

STAGE, SCREEN, AND RADIO STARS ON HOLIDAY: Left to right—Mr. Jack Hulbert, Mrs. Claude Hulbert, Mr. Claude Hulbert, Master Peter Howes, Mrs. Bobbie Howes, Miss Cicely Courtneidge, a friend, and Mr. Bobbie Howes enjoying a bathe at Felpham, near Bognor

MIMIC WARFARE IN THE NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE: Infantry waiting for the "enemy" while defending a road during military exercises on the moors between Richmond and Leyburn

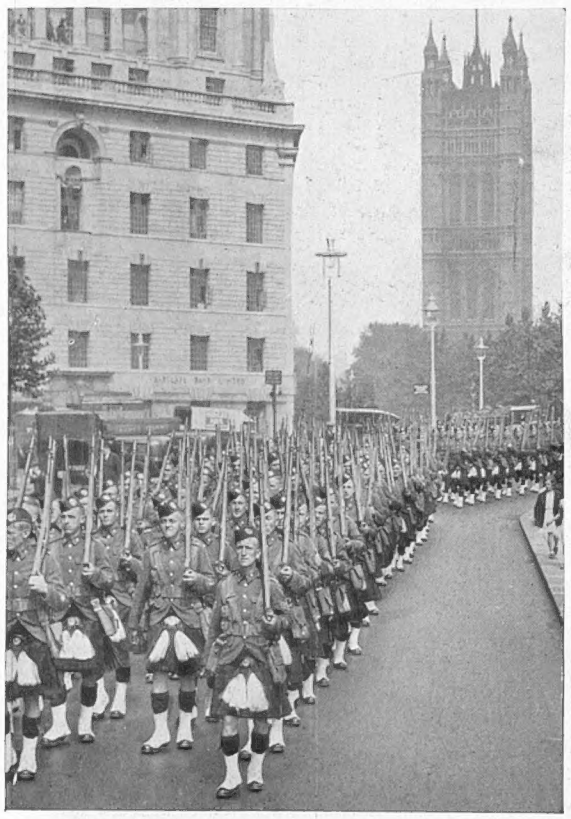
CELTIC PAGEANTRY: The Gorsedd Bards banqueting at St. Donat's Castle, Glamorganshire, during Eisteddfod week. Mr. Lloyd George, deputising for Mr. William Randolph Hearst, received the guests and entertained them to a feast of sucking pig, roast peacock, and roast cygnet. In the minstrel gallery harpists, clothed in fourteenth-century dress, played fourteenth-century Welsh melodies, and after the tables were cleared the Bards thanked their host in impromptu Welsh verse

THE GLORIOUS THIRTEENTH: As August 12 was a Sunday the start of grouse-shooting was delayed until Monday. The mist hampered sport in some parts, but elsewhere good bags were obtained. This picture shows Mr. Herbert Pulitzer's party at lunch on the moors near Amulree, Perthshire

SHOOTING ON THE PERTHSHIRE MOORS: *Left*—Lady Cayzer with some of the season's first grouse. *Right*—A KILTED TRIO ON THEIR WAY TO THE BUTTS: Lieutenant F. C. Graham (centre) with Mr. Rubin and Mr. Michael Lyle, sons of Colonel Sir Archibald Lyle, who is entertaining a party at Riemore. The birds in this district are reported to be particularly healthy and plentiful

TACKLING A GIGANTIC PROBLEM: The Wheat Advisory Committee in session at the Board of Trade office in Whitehall. Its principal object is to regulate world prices

ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY: Herr and Frau von Papen and Herr and Frau von Tschirschky und Boegendorff seen at Berlin Aerodrome before flying to Vienna where the former Vice-Chancellor is now acting as German Minister. The Austrian Government at first refused to accept his appointment



THE KING'S KILTED GUARDS: The 2nd Battalion the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders arriving in London from Aldershot. They are to take over guard duties at Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace

CIVILIZATION'S ARCH ENEMY: This is the last picture taken of John Dillinger before he was shot in Chicago and shows him with his arm on the shoulder of the warden of the Crown Point Prison, Indiana. A few days later he escaped. In England such a friendly attitude between gaoler and prisoner would be regarded as extraordinary, if not suspicious

A Letter from Texas

A "Sphere" Reader Gives His Impressions of Present Conditions in the State — How Federal Relief is Being Administered — The Clash with the Mexicans — Jail Breakers

El Paso, Texas, which, because of its peculiar character as a border town and a desert city, has been awarded four times as much federal relief money as it is entitled to by its population, has offered exceptionally vivid illustrations of every relief problem in the United States.

Organized labour secured a vice-like grip on the El Paso branch of the federal relief organization and, for a time, a skilled labourer could not obtain relief unless he joined a labour union and paid dues, although in some cases he only earned enough in a week to pay his dues. This "racket" was finally broken up by a local newspaper's campaign.

Federal relief failed to provide for unemployed women. The whole programme of relief apparently failed to take into consideration the fact that almost as many women as men are self-dependent, and few jobs that women could perform were created. Once more, a vigorous campaign conducted by a local newspaper altered the situation, and launched the first child-welfare survey in the history of the state of Texas.

At the outset, the relief programme was based on "projects," such as road repairs, instead of on the need of people for relief. Experience proved that most of the projects were worthless and costly. Intrinsically valuable projects were not developed because the federal government appropriated funds only for administrative and relief payrolls. It asked cities and counties to pay for materials, and in most cases the cities and counties were unable to do this, except to a very limited degree. Private enterprise, moreover, was active in preventing the undertaking of many permanent or worth-while improvements.

The basis of relief was then shifted to the need for relief, and at the present time people are kept idle in preference to being put to work on projects of dubious value. This has raised a protest from people on the relief rolls, who are proclaiming that American citizens do not want charity and are entitled to work for what they receive.

Notwithstanding the confusion, the Federal Government seems at last to have hit upon the solution of its problem by agreeing to allow relief beneficiaries to work on private undertakings and to finance private enterprises of certain kinds, such as the repair and remodelling of homes (but not of rental property), and the rehabilitation of farms in cases where the farmers are not now producing enough for subsistence purposes.

* * *

On the Texas border, the antipathy of Americans to Mexicans, and of Mexicans to Americans, is ill-concealed. American farmers smuggle Mexicans across the border with promises of wages of one dollar a day, a wage that an American cannot live on. When the cotton-chopping or cotton-picking season ends, the Mexicans are paid much less than the agreed wage. If they complain, the farmers threaten to turn them over to the Federal authorities on the charge of illegal entry into the United States.

Just across the Rio Grande from El Paso lies the city of Juarez, the child of American prohibition. It is filled with bars, gambling houses, and indecent "shows."

One of these shows was recently closed by Mexican authorities because it was near a school. But American patronage of Juarez declined so sharply that the authorities allowed the show to reopen . . . and moved the school.

Because El Paso cannot make money unless it can make money out of liquor and gambling, the anti-Mexican feeling is now especially acute.

For the present, local authorities are frankly declining to enforce the laws against liquor and gambling, with the result that El Paso is "wide open." But the liquor remains bad and the prices high. (Texas has legalized beer, but it is a penitentiary offence to sell any other alcoholic beverage.)

Groceries, meats, and cigarettes are also purchasable in Juarez at much less than in El Paso, and no tariff is imposed on commodities with a value of less than 100 dollars, so that more than one class of El Paso merchants have a grievance against Mexicans.

All in all, the Mexican-American juxtaposition is not a happy one. The best class of Americans and the best class of Mexicans are not numerous on the border, and the inevitable clash of racial differences breeds unreasoning resentment in small minds.

* * *

On the day that John Dillinger was shot down by Federal agents as he left a Chicago cinema where he had witnessed a performance of *Manhattan Gangster*, three of his most notorious associates made their escape from the death-house in the state penitentiary in Huntsville, Texas. At this writing they are still at large.

They are Raymond Hamilton, "Blackie" Thompson, and Joe Palmer. Since Clyde Barrow was ambushed by Texas Rangers, they are rated as the three most desperate killers in the American south-west.

The jail-break, the first ever to be made from the death-house, which is located in the centre of the prison, was, in the coolness and daring of its execution, without parallel in the annals of the prison.

Someone succeeded in smuggling an automatic pistol to Charles Frazier, a convict who was wounded in his attempt to escape with the others; and, with the aid of the automatic, Frazier was able to compel an "inside" guard to open his cell and that of the other prisoners. ("Inside" guards are not allowed to carry weapons when they enter the death-house, lest some alert prisoner should seize them.)

Mary O'Dare, a friend of the gangsters, has been arrested in the belief that she engineered the jail-break.

In any event, there are three desperadoes at liberty to take the place of John Dillinger, deceased.

New York Copes with the Traffic Problem

WHERE DELAY IS REDUCED TO A MINIMUM: The magnificently planned approach to the George Washington Suspension Bridge which spans the Hudson River and links the States of New York and New Jersey. There is room for eight lines of traffic in either direction, and tickets are issued and collected from seven toll offices. Even during rush hours vehicles seldom have to wait more than a minute

THE HIGH ROAD AND THE LOW ROAD: Vehicles leaving the George Washington Bridge on the New Jersey side can move at speed and in safety, as most of the cross roads have been eliminated by the construction of bridges. This system has also been adopted with success in Italy

b

THE HARBOUR AT DINGLE, COUNTY KERRY: This town is the most westerly in the United Kingdom, and is well known as a centre of extremist opinion

IRISH

By FERDINAND TUOHY

STEAMING up the estuary of the Suir to Waterford, of an early, windy morning, and not a soul on either bank—reminding that the Irish lie late—I traced in the mind's eye a great-great-grandfather sailing these same waters much more than a century ago, homeward bound from Bordeaux and Spain with smuggled brandy, tea, wine, and hand-mirrors. To my neighbour, on deck, I pointed out that the captain of his own smuggling vessel in those days was quite a somebody in the County; which drew the cryptic rejoinder, "Good as Bobs!" My neighbour was pointing with his pipe to a sweet old ivy-hidden house. "That's where he was born."

This neighbour had on his card *African Features*, and I had met him in the smoke-room the night before. He was touring with two features. The first was Billy the Pig. "Measures eight feet six by four foot beam. He's a wonder, fair fetches 'em. Came all the way from Australia. Six gallons of milk a day and a sack of apples. Mashed together. All Billy has to do is just to stand there and show himself. And when he's not earning as he should do, bet your life my performing fleas are! Six of 'em draw a tiny golden coach round on a white surface, with obstacles, the lot covered by a magnifying glass so that you can even see how the harness fits. Tell you the truth, though, I don't like it. They get weaker and weaker, usually last five days, and then in goes a new team. Isn't fair on the little nippers."

THE CUSTOMS asked if I had "a gun" in my suitcase, It is necessary to tour Ireland to understand how deeply America has bitten into the country. The emigration stoppage may be complete; Americans may be discredited as wonder-workers, Dillingers may show up the authorities, but Irishmen still look westward as depreciated dollars continue to trickle back eastward, New Deal or no, in support of parents in Kerry or Connemara. The link of lost sons and daughters abides on this side in a delicious melancholy.

Waterford was entirely taking its time about everything, and that is what the Twenty-six Counties do as a whole. The steam-heated climate is in part responsible—in Cork, there's a saying that it sends your brain to sleep—and once the newcomer tunes in, the restfulness of the change cancels one's impatience. Things happen in Ireland *eventually*, when it is odds on you will be disarmed by the roguish accent and twinkle that accompany their doing. Geneva wasn't in it (for disarmament) at Galway, where I had asked to be called early for the train north. Nothing happened, but what could you say when a maid of Clare, with deep-set, frosty blue eyes, rogued: "Ah, but we're ahl so tired after the races—we didn't get up ourselves!"

My journeying was planned on a coach-walk-car-train basis, or lack of it, and while waiting for the Cork bus, I slipped down to Tramore for a swim. The place was full of priests on holiday. Something has happened to Irish priests since 1920. They are fashionably dressed now. Gone the battered old "parish praiste." Many of the younger element puff away at cigarettes in public. The laity, for its part, appears to be as religious-minded as ever. In public conveyances it is a constant crossing of breasts and raising of hats as churches and chapels are passed. I observed one woman in vain trying to get on with her prayers while a casual acquaintance would continue babbling. Casual acquaintances are made all the time in Ireland, for talk's sake.

The sea at Tramore was cruelly cold compared with the Belgian coast a month earlier. I tried again at Kilkee and Lahinch and the result was even more unfortunate, what with Atlantic rollers, brown water, and a high wind. But perhaps I was unlucky, and perhaps my blood is running thin.

IN CORK I fell in with famed native hospitality and listened to the woes of the land, past, present and to come. Cork is still a Cosgrave stronghold and, despite its reputation for rebels, not unfriendly to England. The military is missed by many, so is the hunting, the presence of "the quality." Cork is much of a *piano* city these times. Even Ford had to let it down—after starting off at a wages pace that drew all the countryside into a city (disastrously so; Henry has a lot to answer for, here as elsewhere). Even the animation that attended until a few years ago the endless departure of emigrants from Cove (Queenstown) is no more.

In the twenty-five years preceding 1930, 750,000 of the (mostly) youth of Ireland are said to have sailed amid ever-dramatic quayside scenes. The irony of it is that this stagnating Cork has never been a finer city than to-day. When the auxiliaries burnt down most of Patrick St., by way of reprisal, this thoroughfare was splendidly rebuilt on the strength of British Government compensation. It is the same in other quarters.

Cork also delivered the best food in years. This you can best enjoy in private houses and in clubs. The boiled chicken and ham, the lamb, the beef, are memories that I shall take back to a sauce-stricken, food-camouflaging Continent. If only Irish hotels could be brought to deal fairly by the best raw produce the world over! But, no. The country round Cork is superb for those who like it wild and green, hilly, craggy, of many waters. It is grand, natural, unkept, and again and again I was reminded of my favourite above all others, the Pyrenees; Co. Cork is a replica in miniature, and it looks to be a potential paradise for crowded-out English hikers (ugh). I did not see a single one, and only two or three cycling teams, yet a pound or two will land the enthusiastic walker in such perfect setting as Gougane Barra and the Pass of Kem-an-eigh. All this country, and the tourist centres of Killarney and Glengarriff, I did with friends by car. It was only later that I made true acquaintance with the packed Irish motor-coach in which one sits well forward for air. It is literally so that these bump from hedge to hedge in some of the narrow, winding main roads; while their last-fraction-of-a-second dodging of wandering cattle beats any mechanical thrill at a Fair. And the tearing. Always time has to be made up, as a result of chatty and joking halts. Still, this universal coach service has revolutionised transport as it has underlined the smallness of the country. From Dublin there is no longer road journey in any direction than about 6 hours.

IRELAND'S SILVER-TONGUED ORATOR: President de Valera addressing a meeting of his supporters at Tralee, County Kerry

THE CLIFFS OF MOHER: A famous beauty spot on the Clare coast visited by Mr. Tuohy during his journey through the Free State

AT GLENGARRIFF we saw a solitary young thing in shorts, and how she was being scalded by the looks of the natives. We also saw, in the distance, the island where *St. Joan* was written, during four months. And the same night, at Killarney, we saw a not-so-young-thing come down to dinner in pyjamas and render the meal miserable for neighbouring holy ones. Definitely, shorts and pyjamas are not worn in Ireland. Killarney is something of a racket. You don't seem able to get beside the lakeside anywhere unless you hire a jaunting car, or a boat, or a pony. People drive round and round the three lakes seeking to evade matters. And that reminds me. Why did drivers persist in shaving so close to us in Cork and and Kerry? Irishmen are not ungallant, and here was a really good-looking person at our wheel. Finally, the explanation dawned on us when there came a trembling salute from the roadside. I was wearing a beret—emblem of O'Duffy's Blue-shirts. I took it off, and we were shaved no more.

Cork, Kerry, and de Valera's Clare are the extremist I.R.A. counties. You have only to read the white-washed inscriptions that adorn every bridge and kindred vantage screen. *Boycott Bass. Boycott British. Up Dev! Here were murdered* (X.Y.Z) *by Free State Forces* (this, a proper stone monument!) *England's New Army of Occupation—the Volunteers—join to-day! From the Graves of Patriots Spring Living Nations* (*Pearse*). *Don't Bend the Knee to John Bull. Damn your Concessions, England. Wear an Easter Lily. No Surrender*

JOURNEY

Impressions of the Free State : Sleepy Waterford : Cork for Hospitality and Good Fare : A Newspaperless Dublin

AGRICULTURE AND POLITICS : A supporter of ex-President Cosgrave speaking in Dublin market

to England. Smash Partition! Remember 1916—We Shall Rise Again (Connolly).

A few *Ub O'Duffy's*, and *Join the Blueshirts* may be interspersed, but nine-tenths of it is the other way round. Unique spectacle, for the tourist, all Europe over.

At the end of the Dingle Peninsula, Mary MacSwiney was holidaying with a cousin of mine, a devout one who may not realize that 90 per cent. of her politics derive from him who said that religion was the dope of the masses. As for Mary, who was so firm when her brother lay dying in Brixton, she claims to be nothing less than President of the Irish Republic on the ground that, head of the illicit Dail in 1919, everything else since has been illegal. Across from Dingle are the Blasket Islands where intellectuals forgather and of which Maurice O'Sullivan wrote *Twenty Years A-Growing*. A stormy quarter, Dingle, in more senses than one.

ALL OVER this area posters of a German soldier invite you to join the Volunteers. The figure is in green and wears a coal-scuttle steel helmet. The uniform is a reproduction of that designed by Casement for his prisoners-of-war brigade, and I quickly recognized it as having been copied in detail, save the cap, from the Jaegers, those crack battalions we used to try and keep check of, up and down the line. To see the new Volunteers on a lorry is to experience a curious throw-back. I wonder, is their German appearance quite such a good advertisement for Erin? Another thing that detained one was: Why are Irish troops so undersized? I did not know it was a characteristic of theirs. Though nothing more than 5 ft. 11 in., I usually saw above the crowd. Nevertheless, these smart youngsters will no doubt make as fine soldiers as Irishmen have ever done. There soon may be 25,000 Volunteers, mostly converted (?) I.R.A. stuff, and their existence may sooner or later clash with certain troop limitations fixed in the Treaty. But this is politics, and I'm on safer . . . in the West.

I darted through spacious and Georgian Limerick, though not without glancing over the model village of Adare and the Shannon Grid Scheme near Castleconnell. Adare is a gem built by the Dunravens. As for the Shannon Scheme, legacy to de Valera, gone now are the hundreds of constructing Germans and their families. The work has been interrupted after several millions had been spent, and I understand that electricity is dearer than it used to be, and that double the present volume must be used before the plan can be a financial success. The immense works also ruined some of the finest fishing—in fact, what with nationalization of waters, drought, and other factors, this prime Irish attraction is under a cloud. In Galway Corrib, I watched "soft" salmon from the bridge. Sixty, I counted. But none was more than 12 or 15 lb. A month previously they were jammed side by side here in extremely low water.

Entering Co. Clare, one recognizes the countryside that forms the Irish problem of the attempted switchover from a ranching land to an industrialized one that shall also raise its own corn and oats. The Twenty-six Counties were without any doubt overcattled, yet is it right to gamble with peerless land, to catch this up in party politics? All too much of Ireland is bog and mountain, rock and water. Forests are poor. There are next to no minerals. Unique pasture is the gift from heaven; and one sees the aloof "Dev" (imitating the aloofness of a Parnell, fifty years after) being applauded by the mass of the people as he condemns this glorious soil to other uses. What can one say of this countryside, which at this stage I tramped through—up to the Atlantic at Lahinch? The Burren it is called. It is empty and seems only half alive. Ruins strew the landscape—this is common to South Ireland—though whether they were caused by the military, by the Auxiliaries, or by the I.R.A., or are just plain ruins, it is often impossible to know. Formerly this part would be spread with enticing posters telling youth to come to the U.S.A. Now, this youth stands around and talks Bolshie. And here is a strange thing—only in Galway town did I see it mix with the girls. Elsewhere the segregation is almost Spanish. At most villages are corner-squares of concrete meant for dancing, but all I saw in their vicinity was sheepish hanging round. Sex is still the capital sin.

It rained freely, on and off, but that did not stop the labourer carrying on in shirt-sleeves in the stone-enclosed fields. Hence, I was told, so much rheumatism, and early male deaths. Some of the stoned-up fields are themselves freely of stone.

I LIKED the little town of Ennistymon best. Over the great Moher cliffs, lay the much-boomed Aran Isles, and a girl in the 'bus, returning on holiday from London, was giving the rest of the company "fits," telling of the film she had seen. "They talk English, if you plaise, and carry on as if they'd nothing to ate from mahning to night! A nice idea it is that goes out to the wide world!"

And so, in a wide bay sweep, round to Galway of the Tribes (a dozen ruling families, long ago, in great trading days). Lynch law also came from here—not from South Carolina—a mayor named Lynch justly causing his own son to be hanged. Galway is attractive, and the girls are the prettiest I saw—are the real, Irish thing. Cork and Dublin disappointed, more particularly with regard to shapeliness; 47 per cent. in this hub of the *Gaelteacht* are supposed to talk Gaelic, but I didn't hear a word, not even in the old-time fishing village of the Claddagh, now being transformed into a horrid, ferro-concrete, cottage affair. By the way, here were the only bare legs I saw in Ireland, belonging to a few little children. Like the red skirts of Connemara, bare legs are fading out in this Ireland that is becoming singularly one-classed and mass-produced. After all, "Dev" was born in New York. There can never have been a more fateful reprieve than his in 1916, precisely because he was viewed as an American citizen.

PICTURESQUE KILLARNEY : Donkeys waiting patiently in the square while their owners attend the market

Galway told several things. Of the shoddy wares in Irish shops, of general prices that are higher than England's, of the shabbiness of men's apparel, of shocking beggars that other dictators have wisely removed from self-exhibition, of the emptiness of "pubs" and the absence of drunkenness. I did not see one drunken man, whatever goes on over poteen. All these things are common to the Twenty-six Counties. I noticed, too, how only the middle-aged and ageing are now merry; their juniors move about hurriedly and seriously, and they seem to spend their extra money on cigarettes and ice-cream. A little of their native Guinness, one feels, might be good for them (I have not received anything for this). Youth's antics are tending to give me a pain now and then.

It was Fair time, and everywhere I heard only: "worst Fair on record." No buyers in the existing cattle glut. In the upside-down condition of affairs, meat is now to be given away to those who can't afford to buy it.

Luckily I struck Tuam races—Tuam, most Gaelic of towns—yet here again I didn't hear a word of the lingo, although its cult is said to be at the root of de Valera's attempted re-nationhood. Perhaps the young will burst into it one future day, though I shouldn't be too sure of it in view of the paramount American influence. The races, thank goodness, survived much as set down in the *Memoirs of an Irish Resident Magistrate*. The horses could hardly finish, for the thronging multitude on the course. I loved that afternoon at Tuam whence came Lally Tollendal who came nearer to taking India than any other.

And so into the country of real King Cong—Rory O'Connor, last High King of Ireland, with castle in Cong, beside the waters of Connemara. I made a lightning tour in the rain as far as Clifden, where no one in the bar remembered Alcock. But that's hardly surprising in that this greatest of all flights has not yet produced an inch of memorial in England. Verily, we are a strange race at times, though often our bushel-hiding is just stupid.

DUBLIN in Horse Show week and without newspapers for a fortnight. Born journalists that they are, the Irish are great at inventing the news. I forget how many times I have heard war declared. One fellow stopped me last night and told me that Russia had invaded Germany.

Last time I was in Dublin, March, 1920, they put a note under my door at the old Gresham, addressed "Captain Tuohy, British Intelligence," and inviting me to make myself scarce within forty-eight hours. 'Tis more welcoming now—in fact, all round Ireland, and despite my accent, I have found nothing but friendliness. Here, in Dublin, the English accent in no way causes coolness but rather the reverse. I have been wandering all round. Out to Howth, where Robert Loraine fell into the sea twenty-four years ago and a week later appeared in London in a play called *The Man From the Sea*. Out to Killiney Bay which is supposed to resemble Sorrento.

Phœnix Park is now shared by the Nuncio, the U.S. Envoy, Garda headquarters, and the Zoo. They breed lions for export, and meanwhile the beasts' cages are the smallest anywhere in Europe. Only with difficulty does one find Michael Collins' grave at Glasnevin

This afternoon, at the Horse Show, the honoured Nazi Swastika flag was flying, but nothing appertaining to the savage, monstrous Commonwealth. Fortunately, the show redeems everything: happy parade of the best that survives in Ireland, on two legs and four. How truly "loving it" were these enthusiasts at Ballsbridge. But it would be all wrong to judge Dublin as I have struck it, *en fête*, with hunt balls every night. People have told me that the capital can easily bore and depress these stern times. Well, anyway, I'm off to *Juno and the Paycock* now, at the Abbey.

LUXEMBURG:

RULER OVER 1,000 SQUARE MILES: The Grand Duchess Charlotte Aldegonde of Luxemburg and her youngest child, the five-year-old Princess Alix. She succeeded to the title in 1919 after the abdication of her sister whose pro-German sympathies were in conflict with the general feeling of her subjects

On right—SUNDAY MORNING IN LUXEMBURG when the whole army, headed by the band, goes on church parade

IN THE GROUNDS OF CASTLE BERG: The Grand Duchess and her husband accession. With them are their six children, Prince Jean and Prince Karl, and the at present at school

Luxemburg, lying in between Germany, France, and Belgium, is a neutral buffer State, with an area of about 1,000 square miles, and with about 300,000 inhabitants. Its capital was once one of the most important of European fortresses, and, bound up as it was with the destiny of its neighbours, changed its masters during the centuries no less than seven times. So from 1443 to 1506 it was Burgundian, from 1506 to 1684 Spanish, and from 1684 to 1695 French. Again Spanish from 1697 to 1711, then Austrian between 1714 and 1795; once more French from 1795 to 1814.

The Vienna Congress of 1815 created the State an Archduchy, and it was brought into personal union with the Kingdom of the Netherlands: from 1815 to 1890 the Dutch King was also Grand Duke of Luxemburg. The London Treaty of 1867 affirmed the independence of Luxemburg—the fortress was dismantled. Wilhelm III, King of Holland and Grand Duke of Luxemburg, died in 1890, and the title passed to the House of Nassau: Adolf, Wilhelm, and Marie-Adelheid in sequence. In 1919, Marie-Adelheid

PARLIAMENT IN SESSION: There are fifty-four members, twenty-two of whom speak in German and the remainder in French. The local dialect is not allowed to be used during debates, chiefly because of the difficulty involved in taking it down in shorthand. No law can be passed by the Grand Duchess without the consent of the Chamber

A Miniature European State and its Woman Ruler — where the Army Consists of 250 Men, and Both French and German are the Official Languages

Prince Felix of Bourbon-Parma, whom she married in the year of her Princesses Elizabeth, Marie-Adelheid, Gabrielle, and Alix. The elder boy is in England

A LINK WITH THE HOUSE OF HABSBURG: Another picture of the Grand Duchess and her husband. Prince Felix is a brother of ex-Empress Zita and an uncle of Francis Joseph Otto, pretender to the Austrian throne

On left—AN ARMY IN MINIATURE: Luxemburg's total military strength consists of a single battalion from the ranks of which are drawn the bulk of the State officials

THE GRAND DUCHESS AT HER DESK IN ONE OF THE SALONS OF HER CASTLE: In 1919, soon after her accession, a plebiscite was held and the people were asked to decide whether they would rather the country became a republic. The majority in favour of no change was overwhelming

abdicated in favour of her sister Charlotte, the present Grand Duchess, who was married to Prince Felix of Bourbon-Parma in the same year.

Although politically an independent State, Luxemburg has remarkable language differences. The whole people, from Prime Minister to peasant, speak Luxemburgish; a language of French words treated to a German pronunciation. Nevertheless the official and written languages are German and French. Everything is bilingual, from decrees to street placards. The seven German daily papers print articles in French; there is also one all-French newspaper.

Children learn German first in the schools, but in the third year must take French also. But German generally has the advantage. In the secondary and higher schools equal facilities are given to the two languages.

Parliamentary debates are conducted and recorded in French. Analytical reports of sittings, the voting and so on, are reported in German.

W. S.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LAW AND ORDER

Why London "Bobbies" are Popular and Paris "Flics" are Disliked

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

AN OSTENTATIOUS SHOW OF AUTHORITY: The Paris police are commonly known as "Flics" and are generally disliked on account of their somewhat tyrannical methods

BY THEIR NICKNAMES you shall know them. The London "Bobby" is one of the most popular men in the United Kingdom. Unarmed, calm, courteous, respected and self-respecting, he remains unperturbed whether faced with a traffic block or a riot. "Bobby" is a term of affection. "*Flic*," the term by which the Paris *agent* is known, corresponds more nearly to the English slang "nark"—an epithet of distrust and hatred. These nicknames illustrate the utterly different attitudes of the British and French publics towards their police. It is well worth asking why the *flic* is hated, because the answer may perhaps help us to avoid this weakness in Britain and to preserve our friendly relations between public and police which are an incalculable source of social stability and strength.

The causes are almost entirely psychological. The first is one that hits you in the eye. The object of a policeman's existence is to preserve law and order. But the mere sight of a French *agent* in the street, swinging his blatantly white baton in one hand, while the other rests on his revolver pouch, suggests unnecessary, tyrannical use of force, and provokes as much dislike in the average unarmed and peaceful Frenchman as it would in the Englishman if he saw such officials in the streets of London.

The second is a question of training and leadership. Throughout December, January, and the days which culminated in the "Concorde Gun Battle" I saw fighting between French demonstrators and the police at the very least once a week. Now, although I was a special constable in one of the Scotland Yard Flying Squads during the General Strike, and although I have seen dozens of demonstrations in London both before and since, I have never seen British police and demonstrators come to blows. Yet I am certain that if the Paris police had had to deal with the same demonstrations they would soon have developed into riots. Why? It is not that the Paris *agent* is by nature a sadistic brute; it is simply that he is badly led.

IN ENGLAND if a demonstration threatens trouble, the police are sent to the spot and held ready in their ranks. The psychological effect of this on police and public is tremendous. A man in a rank instinctively remains in his rank. If and when stones are thrown at him, he waits for the command to charge and does not retaliate on his own initiative. But in Paris the police walk to a demonstration in straggling droves round their officer. They are not in ranks and resemble nothing more than a turbulent swarm of bees. The psychological effect is to leave the initiative to the individual. If a policeman on the edge or rear of the drove receives a stone, his reaction is the same as that of any man who gets hit by a stone: he looks round for the aggressor and hits him back. As a matter of course the rest of the swarm turns round, and seeing one of their comrades at blows with a "rioter," immediately concludes that a "riot" is in progress, and as immediately falls on all and sundry with white batons flashing. Inside of half a minute what might have been an isolated case of stone-throwing may have become a serious riot.

When I was a special constable I was instructed never to draw my baton until ordered and when the order came never to raise it above my head to strike, since in that position it immediately becomes visible to the crowd and is provocative. I was instructed to carry it protruding slightly from out of my sleeve and to deal body blows by a forward thrusting movement. Such blows "wind" rioters but do not produce the commonest sight of Paris riots—inanimate persons lying trampled on the streets with bleeding, concussed heads. The authorities would not be paying a £4,000 indemnity to an innocent journalist who had an eye bashed in, if this simple rule were practised in Paris.

Daily the French laugh in print and in private at the British for their apparently inexhaustible belief in the superiority of British institutions. Daily, as an Englishman resident in Paris, I wonder at the French for their apparently inexhaustible belief in the abject corruption of French institutions. A French newspaper to-day classifies the elected representatives of France as (1) putrifiable, (2) putrified, and (3) damned, while the Minister of the Interior is a piece of "garbage." For the benefit of English readers, it seems necessary to add that the writer was not trying to be funny.

Yet the Briton's pride in his institutions, of which Scotland Yard is not the least, is the second psychological factor which is a source of strength to public and police alike. This national pride arouses the self-respect of the police, and imbues them with the feeling that they have a proud tradition to maintain. So that when, as has happened, Scotland Yard men have been accused of crime, the police indignantly feel their force has been let down, while the public is careful not to brand the whole force with the crimes of the few.

Such an atmosphere is incomprehensible to the Frenchman who looks upon the Sûreté Générale (the French Scotland Yard) as a den of officially recognized murderers, the agents of the political Maffia, thieves and protectors of thieves, a putrescent plague spot on the earth (see French Press *passim*). The French public delights to have its worst suspicions confirmed by the suggestion that a new police scandal is afoot, while the police, indignant at the public prejudice against them, are *a priori* convinced, without waiting to hear any evidence, that their suspected comrades are the victims of hidden political forces or of simple injustice.

While the incredible allegations against the Sûreté currently believed in France are obviously exaggerated, the Stavisky Commission of Enquiry has abundantly proved that the rampant political interference with the regular course of justice has thoroughly demoralized the French Scotland Yard, and a great overhaul is about to be undertaken.

UP TO THE PRESENT the Director-General of the Sûreté has invariably been not a police official who has risen by his skill and courage in the detection of crime, but a political appointee thrust into the command of an organization of which he knows neither the work nor the personnel. He has been dependent for his tenure of office on the good will of kaleidoscopically changing majorities in the Chamber of Deputies. The Riviera resorts must share much of the blame for the demoralization of the Sûreté. So anxious are they to avoid frightening tourists by publicity given to gambling, suicides, murders, and robberies, that the work of the Sûreté has been revealed to be paralysed by political intervention in this department. "Let thieves get away with thousands of pounds, but don't let's have the Casino's name in the papers," is the Riviera motto, as many robbed people have only too good cause to know.

But, Riviera aside, it has been true of any part of France that zealous detectives who began indiscreet inquiries against any person who knew how to use his deputy's all-pervading influence have time and again been told not to place their chiefs in embarrassing positions. Promotion has not gone to men of initiative and honesty, but to men of "discretion" who could take a hint. What an organization for a keen young detective to enter!

Believe me, as one who has seen the ugliness and demoralizing effects of street fighting in Paris, the friendship between police and public in England is greatly to be cherished.

SMILING ATTENTION: A London policeman and M. de Fleuriau, the former French Ambassador to the Court of St. James's

THE HOODED GUARDIAN

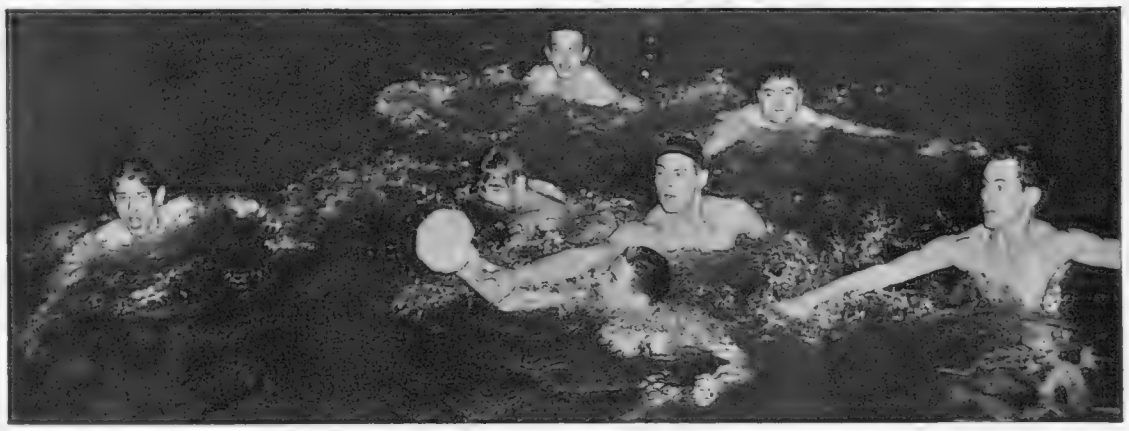
A Paris policeman on duty during a rain-storm

A HOME FOR THE WORKLESS

Tackling Unemployment in the United States

BETTER THAN THE DOLE: One of the twenty-three homes in New York which together house over 18,000 of the city's unemployed and provide them, free of charge, with facilities for learning new trades in which there is a better chance of them finding work

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING: A view of the buffet where the food, although free, is always good



ACTIVITY DURING FORCED LEISURE: A game of water-polo in progress in the swimming-bath at the home. There are facilities for all kinds of sport, as the State realizes that the unemployed must be physically fit if they are to carry on without giving way to hopelessness and depression

E COMFORTS: A bedroom with central heating, an easy chair, a telephone, and a desk

ONCE THEY WERE CLERKS, to-day they are unemployed but they are usefully spending their time in learning mechanics. They are taught by skilled instructors

THE LIBRARY: In addition to a supply of all the latest magazines and light literature, reference books are available to allow the men to study the theoretical side of the new trades they are learning

A SIGN-PAINTING CLASS: In a few months these young men become quite proficient and, even if they cannot get full-time jobs, they can often earn a little money by carrying out small commissions

There is nothing more demoralizing than long-continued unemployment. In England we have our centres where men from the industrial areas can undergo a twelve-weeks course of training in the country and become physically and mentally fit to carry on the fight for work. The pictures on this page show what is happening in this connection in the United States. "The jobless must be got off the street" is one of the mottoes of the Roosevelt Administration, and everything possible is being done to bring this about. Instead of receiving the dole, the men are provided with a home and are given an opportunity to learn new trades. Once they were unhappy and discontented, to-day they have regained their ambition; their all-dominating desire is for a chance to be independent.

GENERALSHIP IN THE JUNGLE

The Art of Panther-Hunting To-day

A Sport with a Spice of Danger

THE HUNTERS AND THE HUNTED: The end of a panther shoot. Mr. Roland Wild, who is seen on the left of the group, describes in the accompanying article how the panther is attracted to a bait and, after it has had its fill, tracked to its lair and then driven by native beaters towards the guns

THE JUNGLE knows strategy. The cunning of the hunter is often matched by the hunted, and the stalker is often stalked. But the panthers of Kathiawar have now met their equal. They are being surprised by a novel and carefully-thought-out plan of campaign.

It was the Maharaja of Nawanagar, better known as "Ranji," who devised the new generalship of the jungle so that guests of his State could almost always obtain a sporting shot at a panther. He rightly decided that even the most keen sportsmen could tire of sitting up throughout the night in a machan, and being rewarded by a sitting shot at an animal eating his supper 20 ft. below. A running shot was the one for the connoisseur. As the result of "Ranji's" efforts, the organization or the State can now give a definite promise that such sport will be provided on a given date.

Six stone watch towers were built in the heart of the panther country. To one of these, the guests repair just before sundown. They drive up to the tower, garage the car, and climb upstairs to a small room on the second floor where dinner is served. As the night falls, conversation is forbidden. The solitary light is shaded low. The servants take particular care that there is no single clink of china, and the soda-water bottles containing drinks are already opened, lest the slight sound of the opening penetrate into the night.

One servant watches at the slatted windows. It may be at midnight, or it may not be till just before dawn, he will give a sign. The guests creep to the windows.

BELOW, in a cleared space, there is a high platform of concrete. Two glaring acetylene lights shine on to a goat which is tethered on the summit. There is a little concrete bowl of water near the goat.

The prowling panther is already accustomed to those lights. He knows their meaning. Silently he comes down from the hills, leaps on to the platform, and with one blow from a powerful fore-paw, kills. The slightest sound from the watch-tower would scare him away. The protuberance of anything unusual from the building would make him sacrifice his dinner. But with the lights, with the square block of the watch-house, he is well familiar. He has so often found supper there . . .

He drinks blood from the throat. Then he jumps down from the platform, prowls round, and returns. He tries to drag the carcase into the jungle, but the stout rope holds. There is a steady tearing of flesh, the crunch of bones, and he rends apart a shoulder. There he eats, with ears and nose attuned to any variation from the normal. But the watchers are quiet. Noisily he laps water again. By the time dawn comes over the hill, there remain only the head and the rope.

He slinks away to sleep through the heat of the day. At his departure hunters and guests come down from the watch tower, rubbing stiff limbs. And now comes the head tracker, the scientist who practises the oldest art with the most modern improvements.

Round the platform there is a thin layer of sand. The tracker examines carefully every pug mark left by the great cat. He is able to tell the length of the panther, the region of his usual peregrinations, age, and sex. Without a word he disappears into the jungle, followed by his assistants and his pupils.

Over the dry ground and through the scrub, he traces the course of the panther. Even though the great animal has slipped through without seeming to disturb a leaf, no secrets of his passing are hidden from this old man trained in the arts of the sleuth. Hour after hour he journeys, stopping to point to a significant mark in the ground, invisible to all other eyes, stopping again to indicate where his quarry has drunk at the pond.

THE MORNING AFTER: *Left*—All that remained of the goat which was tethered to this concrete platform as bait for the panther. *Right*—Examining the panther's pug marks in the sand before tracking it

Then, in the heat of the day, his work will finish. With a proud gesture, he will point ahead, probably to some cool ravine where the undergrowth is thickest. "He is down there," the tracker will say. "He must be sleeping . . ."

AN ASSISTANT races off to the nearest village. From there he obtains a horse and gallops to the nearest telephone station. On the way he scatters the glad news. The villagers begin to pour over the hills and the rough tracks through the jungle, anxious to play their part in the kingly sport as beaters. The news is sent to the Palace that the panther has been tracked to his resting place. Immediately coolies begin to tear aside the thickest bushes on the route from the road to the ravine, wide enough for a car to pass. In two hours all is ready.

The head beater has ranged 200 men in a V-shaped formation, so that they can sweep the ravine. Others he posts on nearby hill-tops, as observation scouts. Thorns and rocks are arranged at the side of an exit from the valley. Soon the cars bearing the guests bump and scramble along the country road, force their way through the clearing to the ravine, and the guns are posted.

At a signal, the line of men advances. Armed only with six-foot-long staves, they display remarkable courage, knowing that it is a very irritable animal that has just been woken from sleep. They shout, scream, and growl in chorus, beating the bushes before every step is taken. A hail of stones falls into the ravine. The panther moves on.

SOMETIMES he tries to break out from the ravine, and the wings of the advancing army increase the uproar, shouting almost in his face as he snarls. More than once they have been struck down by a single sweep of one paw on to their staves. Sometimes the few trained overseers are forced to fire in the panther's face to save a man's life. On one occasion, when the panther sought refuge in a cave and refused to face the music, an intrepid beater entered his lair, flung a loop round his tail and dragged him out with the rope!

But eventually the panther is forced down to the exit to the ravine, where the undergrowth has been thinned. The guns come to the ready. For a brief second or two there is a flash of tawny body through the grass. The rifles crack. He rolls over, charges at his adversary, and dies.

A Kathiawar panther will always charge. One of the crack shots is always ready with a shot gun in case he approaches too near for safety, for the sting of small shot in his face will always stop him, at least temporarily. He may approach within 5 ft. of the guests, for his first spring may easily halve the distance between them. It is necessary now to have calm nerves and muscles. For the panther means business when he is wounded.

Round his dead body there is a sudden commotion. The 200 beaters converge, boasting of their bravery. They are elated by the thrill of danger. Elated too by the knowledge that the Maharaja pays no less than one rupee (a good day's pay) for their services. If the panther by chance escapes, they are paid only half that sum.

The long tawny body is borne off proudly. The inevitable silver tea-pot comes from an attendant car, and deck-chairs are placed in position—this in the heart of the panther country. A servant hands round a silver cigarette box. The soda water for the decanter is iced . . .

The day's sport costs little less than £50. But it has meant an unforgettable thrill. "Ranji," one of the greatest hosts of all time, often organized a panther shoot, but never deprived it of its danger or its excitement.

By Roland Wild

FURY

A graphic picture of a rare captive, the snow leopard or ounce, shown at the Boston Camera Club Salon

STUDIES AT THE BRONX ZOO, NEW YORK

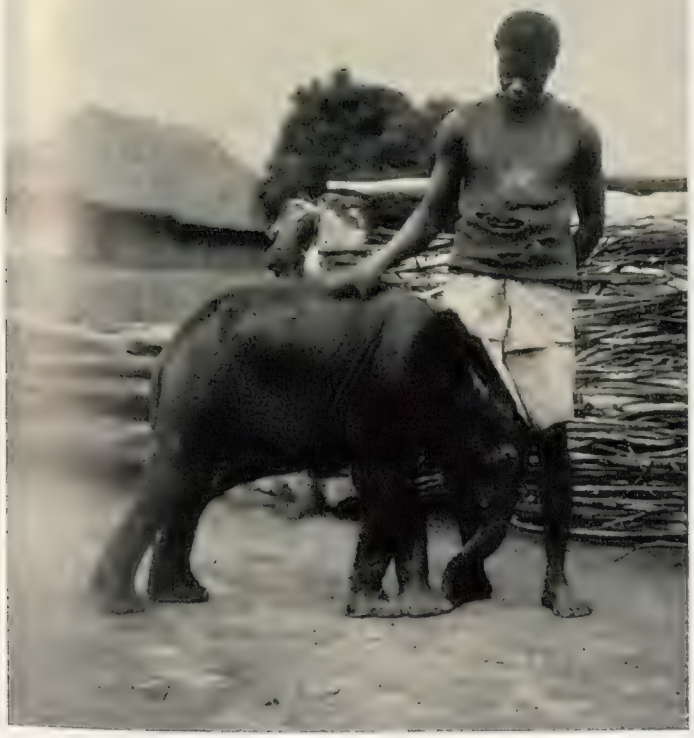
A young turtle walks on the head of a benign and ancient Galapagos tortoise who appears to be suffering the indignity quite calmly

A TRAINED ELEPHANT AT WORK IN THE BELGIAN CONGO: He tackles a tree in the natural way with his trunk and tusks, unlike his Indian cousin wh trained to use the front of his head for timber work

TROOPING DOWN TO THE BIG RIVER: Each elephant is manned by his own personal boy who during the early days of training is his sole human companion. The presence of strangers would render the work of taming almost impossible

BREEDING THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT IN CAPTIVITY: Scenes on a Belgian Congo Farm

AND OVER GOES THE TREE: This will be piled up with other branches of green food and carried back by the elephant to the farm to provide fodder for the junior, and wilder, inhabitants who cannot yet be trusted to go out and forage for themselves



A BABY AFRICAN ELEPHANT BORN ON A CONGO FARM

The task of training elephant has been carried on by the Belgians in the Congo during recent years, and is already proving wonderfully successful. They are the only colonists to attempt to bring the African elephant into line with his Indian relative

BORN IN CAPTIVITY: This picture proves that it *is* possible for African elephant to breed in captivity. There is no reason why the taming of these animals should not prove easier than is generally considered possible, especially if they can be trained as "workers" from the beginning

CRAVEN
For your throat's sake - smoke Craven "A"

LE TOUQUET IN THE SUN

THE NAUTICAL TOUCH: A striking beach costume. The headgear is decorative rather than protective

An animated scene beside the swimming pool—the chief resort, during the morning, of holiday-makers at Le Touquet

SUN WORSHIPPERS

SOCIETY SWIMS

Sir Anthony Weldon, Lady Jersey, and Lady Mary Dunn in the pool

The younger generation disport themselves in safety

THE PADDLING POOL

TANNING TIME

A back to the sun and an eye on the news

After the morning bathe, a rest in the sunshine

THAT HOUR BEFORE LUNCH

ON THE TOKYO

A VIEW FROM THE WINGS

Young Japanese actresses watching a musical comedy in progress on the stage of a Tokyo theatre

WAITING FOR THE DRESSER: Many of the actresses have their hair cut short, so can wear on the stage the traditional decorative Japanese wigs. *Right*—THE AUDI By police orders, the lights in a theatre must be only partly dimmed during a per

A EUROPEAN COURT IN AN ORIENTAL ATMOSPHERE: A scene from the musical comedy *Waltzes from Vienna* which was produced with great success in Tokyo a few months ago. Some of the players, however, found it difficult, on account of their short stature, to be convincing in the parts of Austrian officers and ladies of the Court

A STRANGE CONTRAST

Until the introduction of Western ideas and customs into Japan, the theatre was regarded as a plebeian institution and generally looked down on by the aristocracy. To-day it is held in high esteem by all classes, but it is not the historical dramas that are most popular. The crowds flock either to the cinemas, of which there are several hundred in the city, or to one of the three large theatres where musical comedies and revues are staged. On the 8th, 18th, and 28th of each month, when the shop assistants have

STAGE: Oriental Actors and Actresses in Western Revues and Musical Comedies

Another episode in the Japanese version of *Waltzes from Vienna*. Scenery representing a ballroom in Vienna, and Japanese players in European parts do not make an harmonious combination

Some of these members of the chorus are only just in their 'teens

THE FAN DANCE

Making up while sitting on the floor

IN THE DRESSING ROOM

THE RHYTHM OF THE DANCE: The chorus in action

a free afternoon, these places are packed to capacity. In the eyes of a foreigner some of the productions might appear curious, particularly those in which the Japanese actors and actresses have to play Western parts. Where national costume is worn, however, and the various productions are suitably orientalized, the result is delightful. At one of the newest theatres there is a permanent acting staff of 250, many of whom are girls of less than fifteen years of age. At one time women were not allowed to appear on the stage in the interests of public morality, and all the feminine rôles had to be played by men. Although they often attained almost incredible skill in these simulations, it is all to the good that no such restrictions prevail to-day. A merely male chorus would hardly satisfy the modern taste

The Railways Leave the Rails

The Four Big Companies Establish a Joint Air Service Linking Britain's Chief Industrial Centres and Holiday Resorts

By KEITH AYLING

LUXURY TRAVEL: A view of the cabin of one of the 'planes operated by Railway Air Services

THE MONTH of May, 1934, has established a mark for itself in the history of civil aviation.

It has seen the inauguration of the first internal airlines operated by the British railway companies, in addition to a number of others controlled by private enterprises. All are using high-speed machines capable of speeds varying from 130 to 200 m.p.h.

Since the immediate post-War period, when an attempt was made to link London with Manchester by air, the aeronautical industry has been anxiously waiting for the time when this country would make a demand for internal air routes. Now we are in the process of forming a network of these lines which will conveniently enough bring the North and South within easy hours of each other.

Great Britain—by reason of its excellent railway services, its comparative compactness, and the obligation of having to construct aerodromes at a considerable distance from the centre of densely populated industrial and commercial areas—has not lent itself so readily to the use of inland airlines as have France and Germany, where fast daily services from town to town have been in operation for some time.

For the past ten years England has been content to develop and perfect services on Continental and Empire air routes, with a record of safety which is a shining example to civil aviation throughout the world.

Now, inland air transport has arrived. Last year these islands had barely 500 miles of airlines. If only a percentage of the schemes at present planned materialize, we shall have 2,000 miles of regular services by the end of the year. The fact that the railway companies have entered the sphere of air transport may be taken as setting the seal on this new branch of passenger carrying.

TO-DAY one can go practically anywhere in Great Britain by regular airline. Daily services leave London for Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, Jersey, and the Isle of Wight. Branch lines connect Derby, Hull, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and Cardiff with the main trunk lines. In some instances the traveller has a choice of two or three companies operating over one route.

Fares are generally little over those charged by the railway companies for first-class accommodation, and include road transport from the central ticket offices to the aerodrome and vice versa.

The formation of Railway Air Services can be taken as a definite step forward in the history of air transport. Each of the four railway companies is represented on the Board, in addition to Imperial Airways, the arrangement being that while the railway companies shall be responsible for the planning of the services and the maintenance of the aerodromes, Imperial Airways shall operate the machines. In view of the now lengthy experience of Imperial Airways in working such services, the fusion would seem to be a prudent one.

A RAILWAY AIR SERVICES 'PLANE REFUELLING AT LIVERPOOL AERODROME: This company, which was inaugurated in May of this year, now has a fleet of fast and comfortable machines. Already its enterprise is being rewarded, and it seems probable that the new services which are being contemplated will be equally as successful as those in operation

The first of the railway-company-operated air routes to go into operation was that between Croydon and the Isle of Wight.

The Southern Railway are the sponsors of this truly convenient service, which provides three air expresses a day, the first leaving London at 9.25 a.m. and the last at 6.55 p.m. As the flying time is in the neighbourhood of forty minutes, those who travel by the late 'plane can arrive in the island in ample time for dinner, with a pleasurable amount of the summer evening stretching ahead. The journey itself is a pleasant one, providing aerial views of Dorking, Haslemere and Midhurst, and Hayling Island. I found the three-engined Spartan Cruiser comfortable, and eminently more noise-free than the average train.

The Isle of Wight route is a happy enough example of the time a fast air-liner can save on a journey which demands a change from train to boat. Despite the lengthy car journey from London to Croydon or to Heston, as in the case of a privately operated line on the same service, one arrives in the island with a considerable dividend of time saved over the normal journey. Conducted as an experimental service last year, the Isle of Wight line proved a great success. During the summer months the machines had to be operated in triplicate.

THE NEXT of the railway-operated services to be put into daily action was the Great Western's between Plymouth and Liverpool, which must prove a valuable time-saving link between the South and the North-West. This is an extension of the service operated by Imperial Airways for the railway company last year. At present only one service operates daily each way. Calls are made at Teignmouth, Cardiff, and Birmingham.

The machines are Dragon Moths, with two Gipsy engines. These will later be replaced by the latest type of Dragon Moth, fitted with Gipsy-six engines and capable of a cruising speed of 140 m.p.h.

The railway company at present is operating this service as a main trunk route, but an arrangement has been entered into with another operating firm to make connections at Cardiff with Bristol and Bournemouth.

Quite naturally the routes between London and Glasgow, which are parallel with the important railway services, are considered of vital importance to airline operators.

The London Midland and Scottish Railway and the London and North Eastern Railway have not yet announced their services, but one can state with an almost complete elimination of conjecture, that they will institute trunk routes almost identical with their present main line railway services. If the Postmaster-General puts into operation his suggestion of instituting inland air mails, it would be on the journey from London to Glasgow that such mails would be of paramount importance.

At present Midland and Scottish air ferries are operating a daily service from London (Romford) to Liverpool, Belfast, and Glasgow, using the latest type of Avro monoplane, seating sixteen passengers and cruising at 135 m.p.h. The Prime Minister went to Speke Aerodrome to inaugurate the first of the daily services. The same operating company runs a regular line from Glasgow to Islay in the Western Isles, and from Glasgow to Belfast, with connections from Liverpool to Dublin.

Another service shortly to be put into operation will connect London-Derby; Manchester-Glasgow; Derby - Hull; Manchester - Liverpool. Air Speed Couriers, the fastest commercial aircraft manufactured in this country, will be employed on this route. They seat ten passengers in a more or less sound-proof cabin, have retractable undercarriages which enable air pressure to be reduced to a minimum, and are capable of a cruising speed of 150 m.p.h.

The Air Speed Courier is the machine in which Sir Alan Cobham and Squadron-Leader Helmore plan to make a non-stop flight to Australia, using the latest type of refuelling apparatus.

It is almost certain that in addition to these services the railway companies will shortly operate their airlines on the following:

London—Manchester—Glasgow—Aberdeen.
London—Liverpool—Blackpool — The Isle of Man.
Liverpool—Grimsby—Hull.
London—Southampton and Channel Islands.

The presence of existing services on these routes is likely to lead to competition, and a certain amount of price-cutting in fares which may have a beneficial result for the public.

There are at present two services to the Channel Islands. This line was one of those started in the days of post-War enthusiasm, and later abandoned. Now it has been revived by the Jersey Airways, and provides a swift and pleasant means of reaching the islands with a minimum of inconvenience. The service operates twice daily, and will be duplicated by an auxiliary service from Southampton and Portsmouth. The machines are De Havilland Dragons, a development of the popular and reliable machine which has so many achievements to its credit, including the Mollisons' Atlantic crossing.

Probably the shortest regular airline is that between Portsmouth, Ryde, and Shanklin. There is also a service linking the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth and Shoreham for Brighton, with an extension to Bournemouth.

HULL, now linked with Amsterdam by the K. L. M. air line, will play an important part in the development and use of our internal airlines. Hull will start right with a number of branch lines feeding traffic to Liverpool, Glasgow, and the South, and will be the aerial junction of the North rather than a terminal point like Croydon. It will probably see the departure of the first mail bags to leave England from an aerodrome other than Croydon.

Quite naturally the ultimate success of these internal air routes depends on the factor of safety that can be maintained. The railway companies are naturally taking every possible precaution. Machines are fitted with wireless telephony, and are equipped so as to be able to fly in any weather.

In most cases tickets will be interchangeable for travel on existing railway and omnibus services if travellers for one reason or another prefer not to make the return journey by air.

Transport of purely freight at cheap rates has not been neglected. The aerial "carrier" is likely to play a major part in the future development of these islands.

FLIGHT

FLYING SCOTSMEN: A Hawker Hart bomber belonging to the City of Edinburgh Squadron passing the Bass Rock near the mouth of the Forth. This little island has many historic associations, and was the last stronghold of the Stuart cause in this country. Between June 1691 and April 1694 sixteen supporters of the exiled James II held it against all the forces which William III sent against them and, finally, they surrendered only on account of shortage of provisions

POLICING THE DESERT: A Fairey Gordon biplane, attached to No. 47 Bomber Squadron, flying over the Kassala region 250 miles east of Khartum. This modern method of maintaining law and order is proving most effective, particularly in countries where land patrols can operate only under difficulties

Eighteenth-Century England in the Pillory

Courtesy of the Parker Gallery

TUNBRIDGE WELLS FROM FRANT FOREST: An early engraving showing the town as it was about the time that Lord Torrington was making his tour of England

Extracts from the Recently Discovered Torrington Diaries: A Plea for the Farmer and a Fierce Attack on the Government of the Day

OF ALL THE PASSAGES in the recently discovered diaries of the fifth Lord Torrington none are more vivid than those which describe rural life in England in the closing years of the eighteenth century and in which are indicted those people who had made life intolerable for the poorer classes. Lord Torrington made a journey through the countryside, and, as the following extracts from his writings show, he did not hesitate to express his opinions frankly regarding what he saw.

Referring to the enclosure system, his lordship said: "The neighbourhood of Burford, formerly so noted for hunting, is now spoilt by enclosures, and both the hunters and the poor are driven into other countries. As a sportsman I hate enclosures, and, as a citizen, I look on them as the greedy tyrannies of the wealthy few to oppress the indigent many, and an iniquitous purchase of invaluable rights."

And in a volume of 1789 we find the following entry: *(Q.)* "Has Meriden Common been long enclosed?" *(A.)* "Ah, lack-a-day, Sr. That was a sad job, and ruind all us poor volk; and those who then gave into it, now repent it." *(Q.)* "Why so?" *(A.)* "Because we had our garden, our bees, our share of a flock of sheep, the feeding of our geese; and could cut turf for our fuel. Now all that is gone! Our cottage, as good a one as this, we gave but 50 shillings a year for; and for this we are now obliged to pay £9 10s., and without any ground: and coals are risen upon us from 7d. to 9d. the hundred. My cottage with many others, is pulld down; and the poor are sadly put to it to get a house to put their heads in!!! Heigh ho!"

"When I had finished the reading of this too-true description to a lady, she remarked, 'Ah, it is but too true, for I have just quitted the country where the misery of the cottagers is not to be described. But we,' she said, 'workd for them, gave them assistance, and did all we coud to help them.' 'That was,' answerd I, 'highly commendable, but charities will not remove the evil. The poor must have land allotted to them for their support, else under their present oppression they can have no help but from vice and theft.'"

LORD TORRINGTON urged that convict labour should be employed in land reclamation in the Buxton district. "Let the Government purchase a large tract," he said, "build a sort of prison thereon properly guarded, and then let the convicts work the country, drain, enclose, dig peat, burn lime, make roads, bore to the centre, plant trees, esculents, etc., and in a few years a smiling garden woud succeed to a black wilderness. The convicts, too, instead of being ruined for ever, might be draughted to furnish soldiers for the East Indies and distant colonies, and woud prove a resource in time of war to man our fleets and armies. Nay, I doubt not, but this land so improved, might then be resold by order of Parliament, to clear the charge of the establishment."

In another part of the diary is a description of the ideal village: "As for poverty, rags and misery, they should not exist in my village, for the cottages should not only be comfortable and low rented, but attached to each should be at least two acres of ground, which on first possession the hirers should find well cropped with potatoes, and planted with fruit trees; teach them how to proceed, redeem the poor from misery, make a large public enclosure at the end of the village, for their cows, etc., and then poverty would soon quit your neighbourhood. As for the very aged and helpless, I should revert to that good old (now neglected) custom of almshouses; by a charge everlasting upon the estate, therein I should place twelve of the most pitiable and deserving aged poor, with each their several slips of garden ground where such as were able might employ themselves. Before their doors a shady walk of trees fronting the south, with some benches, would tempt forth the, not unhappy, lodgers, to bask in a summer's sun, or to endeavour at a winter's walk."

AS ONE would expect, Lord Torrington took a pessimistic view of the condition of the country at this period. "It shou'd seem to me, from my (trivial) observations that noblemen and gentlemen have almost abandon'd the country; that yeomanry is annulled, and that dowagers have gone away. So, amongst the first great people, now residing there, may be reckond the inn keepers, the tax gatherers, and the stewards of great estates who with the lawyers rule the country. Justices—the few there are—are afraid of the felons; constables are not to be found; the poor must plunder because not provided for; taxes are evaded; enclosures of common field land, and commons, are general; corporations are venal; trade and manufactories are overstrained; banks and bankruptcies in and over every town; laws, from being multiplied beyond comprehension, cannot be enforced; London markets and London prices govern the whole Kingdom, and as that encreasing wen, the Metropolis, must be fed, the body will gradually decay.

"All the canals, all the roads must be forced to supply it; and when they have brought all they can, and it shoud by oversize, or particular seasons, want more—why then there will come a distress, a famine, and an insurrection which the Praetorian Guards or the whole army cannot quell, or even the Parliament pacify; the latter because they have connived at the (now general) alarm, from having been constantly employd in struggles for power; and regardless of the peace and interior happiness of their country!"

And again—"And here let me (ignorantly perhaps) impetuously state my wishes, 'that trade was unknown'; (or that I had lived when it was but little known). Here arises an outcry against me, What no trade! No prosperity to this country! This country so flourishing by commerce!! Hold you an instant. What does trade introduce? What carries it out? Why, the very vitals of the country are draind to import these most valuable commodities: rum and sugar from the West Indies, china and nankeens from the East, hemp from Sweden, deals from Norway, oil from the Northern and Southern Poles, furs from Nth. America, tobacco from Virginia, and turtles from Bahama Islands. Now cou'd we not go on very happily without these ridiculous luxuries; or raise the useful ones at home?"

"But trade; Sir!"

"Aye, trade, Sir, leads to commerce; commerce leads to war; war brings on taxes; and so the whole country, with the King and minister fearful of offending a petty merchant (as in the present instance of Nootka sound) who chuses to traffic and encroach where he ought not, are led into a fresh warfare with all Europe; and this island of interior happiness, must be stripp'd to the heart, whilst its true concern, the landed property, is sacrificed to roguery, false pride, and the tricks of merchandise! 'But see you not the great increase of Manchester?' Yes, I see the hearty husbandman suck'd into the gulph of sickly traffic, and whilst some towns swell into unnatural numbers, lost is the sturdy yeoman and honest cottager!

"Go on, my poor deluded country, and strain away in trade; enclose, depopulate, build towns, pull down villages, and deal away so largely and wildly that ye all become swindlers or bankrupts! Study to impose taxes, and employ ten people to collect them from ten others. Let informers loose; so no man will distinguish a friend from an enemy. Transport felons by thousands. Fill the globe with your convicts. Hang by hundreds. And when reason is almost lost, and laws multiplied beyond comprehension, may some surviving few of the nation who do not thrive by politics and stratagem, endeavour at a reform."

IN AN ENTRY made in 1794, Lord Torrington was equally scathing. "When the farmer is over rented, and the pauper finds himself without habitation, or assistance given to dogs, flesh and blood will rebel. No situation can be worse than what they endure; change must be for the best, come uproar, come confusion. What is a king or a parliament to me? Neither gentlemen nor justices live amongst us. We are all at the mercy of the tythe-gatherer and the overseers.

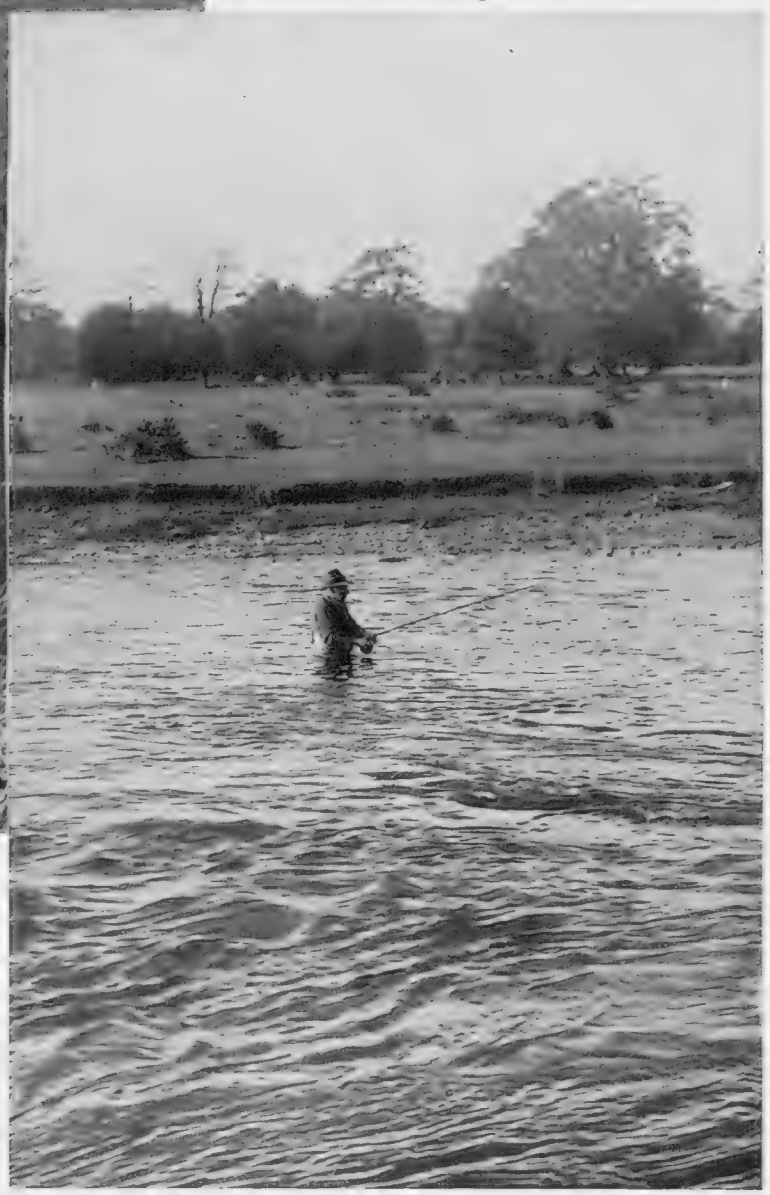
"Being born, being bred a gentleman I feel I allways was and that I ought to be an aristocrat; but, in good faith, they wont let me continue one. Those that should protect us, do not. Those that should set the examples expose themselves by mean and miserable actions! There are swindlers, high and low; and when the low ones are caught, *they* are punished!

"I will not be *alarmed* into my homage, but it shall flow from my observation. I respect Government, but let that Government protect and cherish me. Let me not be terrified into submission, but let it arise from conviction, and let me glory in their rectitude. Let the beams of royalty shine with warmth and comfort. Let our princes prove bright examples. May our bishops prove holy and their clergy considerate and residentiary. Let our peers be the preservers of the constitution, and let our commons judge for themselves.

"The middle man is annihilated, and quickly there will be no step betwixt the nabob and the beggar; vice will not ruin the one nor can honesty advance the other; plunder, therefore, must be the order of the day. Hope is lost in despair, and honesty is ingulph'd in misery. A former topic was the honesty and virtue of peasantry. Now ask their character. They are all rogues, all without shame and support. Hence the few grave men, the many ruin'd men, and the multitudinous poor, cry out, *Reform! Reform!*"

Compleat Anglers

A WELL-EARNED REST AFTER AN ARDUOUS TOUR: Mr. Ivan Menzies, the actor, is taking a fishing holiday in the Lake District. He has spent the last three years in New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa, where he has been playing the Sir Henry Lytton roles in Gilbert and Sullivan opera



IN SEARCH OF SALMON: An angler standing waist deep in the swirling waters of the River Dee, near Corwen, North Wales

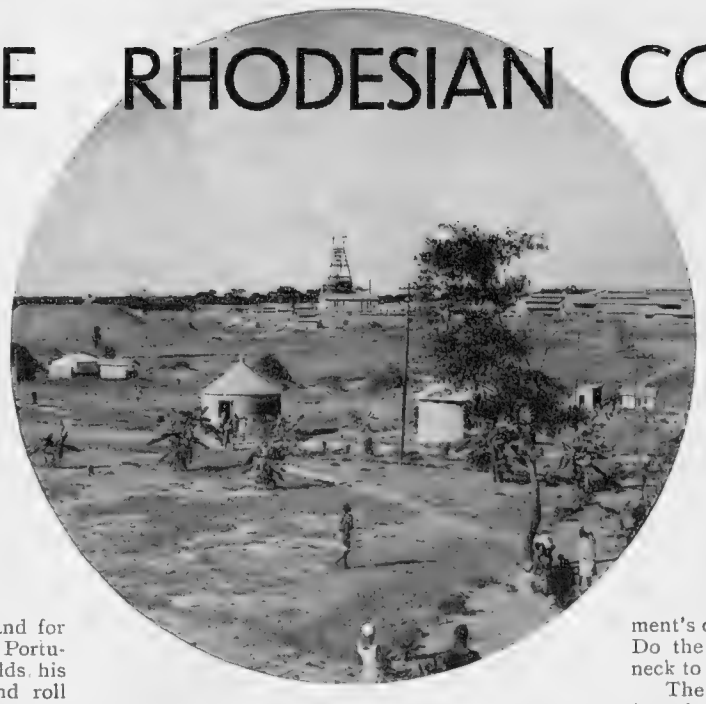
IN THE HEART OF THE COTSWOLDS: Fishing beside the old mill at Donnington, a beauty spot near Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire

On right—A PRIMITIVE CRAFT: These coracles, which are built on much the same pattern as those made by the ancient Britons, are still used by fishermen on the Dee, North Wales, as they do not upset easily and will float in very shallow water

LIFE IN THE RHODESIAN COPPER BELT

Mining Towns which One Day may be Prosperous Cities

Where the White Man is Conquering a Deadly Climate



A COPPER ELDORADO: A distant view of the surface plant and headgear on the great Roan Antelope Mine near Ndola, Northern Rhodesia

By Lawrence G. Green

IF YOU HAVE any feeling for the atmosphere of a transcontinental train, you will find it when the long, brown "Rhodesia Express" hauls out of Cape Town every Monday morning on the 2,000-miles run to the Congo.

This man with the safari-stained sun-helmet, framed in a second-class window, walked up to Broken Hill when Bulawayo was railhead. One coach away, a woman with a Paris hat, fresh from the mailboat, is going to make a playground of the Victoria Falls. Dark-bearded Belgians gaze moodily at the last of Table Mountain. They are lovers of civilized places, and for them the Congo holds little fascination. A Portuguese, more deeply-rooted in Africa, unfolds his "Noticias," and settles down to read and roll cigarettes until he comes to sandy Beira.

There are other travellers of a different type; young men in khaki shorts, sturdy, cheerful, with the names of Nkana, Roan Antelope, or Mufulira on their baggage. These are picked men, the builders of the Copper Belt in Northern Rhodesia. They are bound for a scene of mining enterprise on a grand scale—work such as Africa has not seen since the discovery of the Rand.

North steams the "Rhodesia Express," past the blue-ground and the old wonder of Kimberley, taking Bechuanaland in its stride during the night, curving, whistling, clattering through the green bush to Bulawayo. And now the white vision of the Falls in the darkness is a memory. The dining-car has lost its smart company of tourists. The men of the lonely places stare a little wistfully into their glasses and remember their quinine. Abruptly the talk turns to the life they know—that tropical Rhodesia which has not changed much, outside the great mining centres, since the first white men penetrated this wilderness of hidden wealth. This is stirring talk. It carries the ring of experience.

"Tsetse? I never worry about tsetse. Carry a lump of raw meat and let them bite that."

In this country insects are more dangerous than wild beasts; men laugh at lions and curse the mosquito.

"Yes, I remember the fellow—saw his book, with a picture of a lion eating out of his hand. A dead lion, of course . . ."

"Seven lions in Broken Hill township—chap who shot them dragged them into his yard and charged a shilling to see them."

Hunting is one of the great topics over the sundowners on this train. There are still huge areas in Northern Rhodesia where close seasons are unknown, and even the elephant hunter may be sure of his tusks.

SOMETIMES you meet men who took a hand in making railway construction records on this track to the north—the line that now runs without a break to Port Francqui on the Kasai, more than 3,000 miles from Cape Town.

"One of Pauling's jobs," you hear them say. "Sleepers, rails, engines, thousands of tons of material came over the Zambesi gorge by cableway—the bridge was not built then. We were going all out, never a day long enough. Contract time limit was a mile a day. One day we laid 5¾ miles of permanent way—it's never been beaten anywhere."

A MANSION IN THE JUNGLE: One of the many beautiful homes near N'kana. It is designed in the old Dutch Colonial style

Beside the track, in little clearings marked out and protected by upright sleepers, are the graves of men who died while others carried the railway on towards the Congo frontier.

The urge that drove the line so far to the north beyond the Victoria Falls was mining. Without that, travellers would still be toiling through the bush of Northern Rhodesia with long columns of carriers. This inaccessible country may hold other riches, but mining dominates all else. The Broken Hill mine brought the railway there in 1906, and the vast Katanga copper mines led the steel track on to Elisabethville a few years later.

Copper is a magic word indeed up and down this single railway track. Copper moved the capital of Northern Rhodesia from Livingstone to Lusaka. Three days after leaving Cape Town we see this new capital; a shabby settlement on one side of the line, solid government buildings and offices on the other. Lusaka gives some relief from the eternal bush country. Elsewhere the Colonists tell you they feel shut in and crave for a view. Here there is a break in the solid green wall. Lusaka is healthy, too, with an altitude of 4,000 ft., and the devastating rainfall of the north, 60 ins. a year, is halved in these parts. Many Dutch speaking South Africans have settled in the Lusaka highlands. Dairy cows are not troubled by the tsetse, and fine crops of wheat and maize are grown.

So the struggles, vicissitudes and victories of the copper mines are watched by people far from the scene, yet whose lives are bound up intimately with the fortunes of the Copper Belt.

The Copper Belt! That is the greatest topic of all on board the north express when Lusaka has dropped behind. Mining engineers and geologists talk of synclines and malachite. Ordinary miners tell you with fewer technicalities but the same faith that "the stuff is there." Once despised or doubted, the copper deposits of the Rhodesia-Congo border are now declared by leading financiers and famous mining experts to be the largest in the world. The future of the Copper Belt grows bright as the train takes us noisily over the Kafue River and through the endless bush.

"There will be cities up here—100,000 white people in the Belt," says one. "Before the copper discoveries there was no population at all. Look at it now! Why, they will be working that copper in a hundred years' time."

"Roan and Nkana will be the largest copper mines in the world," declares another.

"We'll soon be home," they are saying a little later, when the scattered houses of Ndola emerge in the dusk. I thought they were joking. Not until I had seen the cool and beautiful homes and gardens of the mine towns did I realize that the Copper Belt was no longer a place of exile.

As part of our train goes on from Ndola to Elisabethville I recall the night, seven years ago, when I went with it to see that enormous Belgian colony of the Congo basin. Sakania, on the other side of the border, is only 20 miles from Ndola. They tell me, while we wait for the Nkana train, that the Elisabethville which I saw as a flourishing city is more than half empty. The comfortable little stern-wheeler, Prince Leopold, which carried me past herds of lechwe, mission stations, and queer river posts on the Lualaba, is a wreck at the bottom of the river. I can only imagine how time and events have dealt with my friends in distant Stanleyville and the fever-haunted settlements on the long run down to Kinshasa, Matadi, and the sea. Where is the captain of the Michelin now—still feeding his pet crocodiles in a bath with bananas as he navigates the Congo? Who occupies the ill-fated Roger Casement's consulate in Stanleyville where once I dined? Do the black convicts still march chained lightly neck to neck along the water-front at Bukama?

The rear lights of the Congo train disappear into the forest leaving me south of the frontier to see a new and solid achievement, which did not exist when last I came this way.

I have reached the "capital" and business centre of the Copper Belt. Ndola—they call it un-Dola—is destined, according to some authorities, to become the largest city between Johannesburg and Cairo. The man who paces the platform with me has no doubt about this, for he saw Ndola first as a collection of trading shacks and a "boma" (a Government post). It was a Customs station, and a halt before the long trek through the "fly belts" of remote North-Eastern Rhodesia to Abercorn.

A MINE COMPOUND AT N'KANA: Native labourers taking their mid-day meal. Meat, mealie-meal, and bananas are their favourite foods

Years passed while Ndola remained merely a place in the railway time-table. In 1924, Ndola's hopes were raised by talk of the coming development of copper; but it was still a little village of ten corrugated iron shacks. To-day there are more than 500 white people and thousands of natives in Ndola. The buildings are valued at half a million sterling. Engineering firms have their offices there, and the mines place as many orders as possible with these local representatives. Ndola is no longer a wayside station—it is the junction for Roan Antelope in one direction, Nkana and Mufulira in the other. You have only to look at a directory to see that Ndola—once a bad place for lions—has all the makings of a modern city.

WELL, the train for Nkana, forty-one miles away, is ready, and the dining-car is still there. As we sit over our coffee after dinner an old hand tells me that it was only by a stroke of good fortune that these Northern Rhodesian mines should have been developed at all. "In the Congo," he points out, "only a few miles away across the border, there was rich ore on the surface. Here the surface deposits were discouraging—they looked, quite reasonably, for something similar to the Congo indications, and for some time the results were discouraging. The lone prospector never had a chance in this country. It was organized exploration work on the largest scale the world has ever known that proved the value of these mines."

At the next table two Americans—masters of the art of working low-grade copper—are discussing the great problem of the demand for their product.

"For thirty years it has been said that every new mine would spoil the market. All false

(Continued on p. 272)

ON *the* TRACK *and in the* SHOW RING

FAIR AND FLEET OF FOOT: Altogether at the first hurdle in heat 2 of the 80-metres hurdles in the Women's World Games at the White City. The winner of the event was Fräulein Englehardt of Germany who set up a new record. *Above on right*—Gem Hoahing, the thirteen-year-old Chinese girl, being congratulated by Joy Dudley Cox whom she defeated in the final of the Under-Sixteen Schoolgirls' Tennis Tournament at Queen's Club

ACROSS TWO CONTINENTS: On Saturday last Japan was linked with Britain by telephone for the first time and the Japanese athletes over here for the Women's Games spoke from London to their friends in Tokyo. *Circle on right*—Mrs. J. A. Baiss and Miss Claudia Blackburn with Mr. J. A. Blackburn who played in a recent cricket match at Forfar between Strathmore and Lord Carnegie's touring team

AT TRING AGRICULTURAL SHOW: Mr. S. G. R. Barratt, Master of the Old Berkeley Hounds, and Miss Rosemary Barratt, winners of the first prize in the Parent and Child Riding Class

A FAMOUS PACK PARADES: The huntsman, whipper-in, and hounds of the Kildare Hunt walking round the ring at Dublin Horse Show in front of the competitors in the Inter-Hunt Jumping Competition

EARLY 17th-CENTURY PASTRY MOULDS

A Rare Collection in the Hamburg Museum

DESIGN FOR EATING: Portrait of a lady

THE MOULD OF FASHION: These beautifully carved moulds, which were used for decorating pastry, were made in 1621 and are particularly interesting in that they show the types of dress worn by men and women of the period. It is not known who the carvers were, but some of the pieces bear the signatures C. G. and A. G.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE: A mould showing the Marquis of Spinola on his charger. This famous Genoese General, who raised and maintained an army at his own expense, fought for the Spanish cause in the Netherlands in the opening years of the seventeenth century. In spite of his victories he was shamefully treated by the Spanish Government

GENTRY AND PEASANTRY: Six beautiful moulds depicting seventeenth-century types

AUTUMN HATS

THAT WILL MAKE WOMEN LOOK ROMANTIC

The Tricorne as a Perfect Dinner Hat
The Return of the Old-fashioned Beaver
Five-cornered Mortar-boards

Romance is certainly going to fly to our heads this autumn, for whether we decide to survey the world shyly from beneath a sweeping brim with a provocative dip across the front, or whether we prefer to step out gaily in a tricorne that drops on to one eyebrow and then sweeps back across the head so that one thinks of a bird with folded wings, one cannot help looking as though one were absolutely divorced from all mundane matters

Beaver—the sort that coachmen's hats used to be made of—is the surprise of the season. There are also likely to be a lot of velvet and masses of felt. Double brims provide an opportunity for ingenious folding, and incidentally do away with the hard look that we have had so painstakingly to live up to during the whole of this summer

Large, flat berets, as shallow as a plate, tricornes, draped turbans, and brimmed hats with gently-rounded crowns share the honours between them. Stiffened veils, arranged in a number of unexpected ways, showers of osprey, large birds, and heavy cords simply knotted, are used as trimmings

Agnes has designed a perfect hat for the sort of evening that modern women so often spend. A cocktail party first, perhaps, and then on to dance, it may be at a road-house or in town. It doesn't matter in any case, if one has the model sketched at the head of this page

White gardenias are poised on a tortoiseshell bandeau, which is worn across the hair. When one goes out the little black felt tricorne is added—if one wants to dance one has the happy knowledge that it can just be snatched off, and that one's hair will be looking sleek and lovely and very much *en gala*. This model comes from Harrods of Knightsbridge, and so does the five-cornered mortar-board at the foot of the page. Made of black felt, the edges of the brim are folded back and bound with gros-grain. The shaped cap across the back enables it to be worn at a sharp angle without the awful fear that it may tilt too far

Taupe beaver is used for the third hat, which has a stitched black antelope band knotted beneath the brim and finished at the front with silver rings and a mount of scarlet and black galalith. This is typical of the graceful models that will be worn with collarless coats, and it comes from Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W.

"A PAIR OF STAR-CROSS'D LOVERS": Romeo (Griffith Jones) and Juliet (Margaretta Scott) at the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre

PLAYS *of the* DAY

Constance Cummings Proves a Worthy Successor to Elisabeth Bergner at the Apollo: "Admirals All" Provides Good Entertainment: Scantily Clad Dancers at the Garrick

By PHILIP PAGE

THE APOLLO THEATRE is in luck just now with its leading ladies.

To Miss Elisabeth Bergner has succeeded Miss Constance Cummings. I will venture no comparisons beyond repeating that the Apollo is very much in luck this year.

With somewhat grim recollections of film-stars appearing in stage plays I approached Mr. Vincent Laurence's play, *Sour Grapes*, with some apprehension. But the play rather than the actress was at fault, though it will do well enough. It is, on the whole, a better medium than that which fell to the lot of the Bergner.

But Miss Cummings would make a ten times inferior play worth visiting. Beauty she has, of course, though not of the blonde hit-you-in-the-eye - Heavens - what - eyes - and - eyelashes type found in the Bennett-Carole Lombard-Marion Davies stable. Yet her beauty is her least important asset apart from her beauty of movement; to see Miss Cummings walk across the stage and sit on a stool with her arms by her side and her back (lots of it) to the audience is to realize what our novelists mean when they talk of feline grace.

I would put down as the chief part of her art her sense of "timing"—her rejoinders come along correct to the fiftieth part of a second—and the impression she can convey of listening with tense interest to what is being said to her. The only other player I can think of with this faculty is Mr. Harry Tate, and the linking-up is by no means so absurd as may be supposed.

And she has the supreme gift of never overdoing things. When she is angry she does not rant, though one can feel her anger and scorn withering everything in their path. When she has an amusing line to say—she does not have many in this play but there are some—she does not mess it about, polish it, and hand it out to the audience on a silver salver and a suggestion of "There you are. Isn't it wonderful?" She can be natural without being slip-shod.

In *Sour Grapes* she plays the part of an incredible wife whom she makes credible just because she is Miss Constance Cummings. The author shows us four people and a butler, the butler being the only person who is not both fantastic and unpleasant. As his sole job is to appear occasionally with a tray of drinks, to be sacked, and then to be unsacked, we are left for the greater part of the evening with an atmosphere which is only redeemed by being decidedly novel. It is also "noveletty" and suggests a clever young writer striving to give a new twist to Mr. and Mrs. A, Mr. B, and Miss C.

One gathers at first that the married couple are almost aggressively happy, particularly when Mr. B kisses Mrs. A when she is playing the piano, and is told he is a beast and a cad and must leave the house for ever. Mr. B refuses to do anything of the sort, kisses Mrs. A again, the kiss this time being reciprocated, and is discovered in the process by Miss C to whom he is engaged. Miss C tells Mr. A who becomes very grim and menacing, not because he is in love with his wife but because he is not.

I found the spectacle of a man making a scene because his love is dead utterly preposterous, and still more preposterous his decision to make it at a moment when his dead love, in the corporeal sense, is in the arms of another man. Mr A's rage soon cools off and he consents to Mrs. A and Mr. B cavorting about together with a view to a divorce and future bliss, until it is revealed that Miss C will in due course give birth to a little Miss X (or a little Master X) of which Mr. B is the father. Mr. B declares he is willing to make Miss C Mrs. B, and Mr. and Mrs. A talk awfully clever and cynical and quite absurd and unreal stuff for a whole act about patching up their marriage. The curtain falls on a *status quo*, with a probability of *status lymphaticus* for all the members of the cast when they have talked themselves out, with the possible exception of the butler.

Mr. Nicholas Hannen's first action on his first entrance was to stretch out for a pipe and fill it. That was the mark of the sensible good-sort husband, which he plays to perfection; that he periodically rang up an unseen charmer with a Regent something-or-other number could not shake my belief that Mr. A was a *tremendously* good sort. Mr. Roger Livesey was sound, if a trifle bovine, in a silly part. Miss Judy Gunn's display of whimpering came dangerously near the comic: but she had her moments, and is a personality. I would sooner an ingénue whimpered than simpered. But it is Miss Cummings who runs away with the play. Not much, perhaps, to run away with. But the art of this delicious actress makes an Apollonian pilgrimage imperative.

"Admirals All."—Given Major Ian Hay, Commander King-Hall, the Shaftesbury Theatre, guests on board a warship, a peppery admiral, and a comic naval (or military) servant and a satisfactory run is assured. That should be the reward of *Admirals All*, which is true to type, and should draw audiences of the faithful—with young officers of the senior and junior services, their women folk, non-political undergraduates and their women folk, and school-boys and their parents as the stiffening—until there are thoughts of booking seats instead for the equally clean and healthy fun of Christmas pantomimes.

It has been my lot to see two eminent film stars in two stage plays in the same week. I must restrain myself with some difficulty from launching into another rhapsody about Miss Constance Cummings. In the case of Miss Laura La Plante, who plays the leading part in *Admirals All*, restraint is easier. Miss La Plante might, I think, have made a good deal more of a situation involving a film star (for she plays herself, as it were) captured by Chinese bandits, though I am not in a position to give advice as to how a film star would or should behave in such circumstances. She does not appear to be as yet sufficiently acquainted with stage technique as distinct from film technique, which is very distinct indeed. In short, she underplayed. The shortcomings in her performance may have been due in part to first-night nervousness, and I have little doubt that Miss La Plante is now, at any rate, fulfilling requirements. She made a natural and amusing little speech at the fall of the curtain.

The authors have chosen a good workable story, moving, however, a trifle slowly. A film star is temperamental in the matter of the choice of a leading man for a picture she is to make about being captured by Chinese bandits. The actor her

A BUSY CONVALESCENCE: Noel Coward back at work again after his operation. He is seen here holding an audition for his play, *The Royal Family*, which will probably be presented in the West End in October

CICELY COURTNEIDGE as a tight-rope walker in her new film, *Schooldays*, which Albert de Courville is directing at the Gaumont British Studios, Shepherd's Bush

directors have chosen she considers to be deficient in "he-man" qualities. As she is going to China for a holiday, they arrange that the actor, duly supported by a realistic "cast," shall also go to China, impersonate a bandit, and capture her. This he does, capturing not only the film star but a British Admiral, other naval officers, and an English millionaire and members of his family. They think it is the real thing, a rescue party arrives from the flagship, and when all is satisfactorily explained, the blonde lady takes the "bandit" not only as her leading man but as her husband.

I had always imagined that to be captured and held to ransom by Chinese thugs must be a terrifying business involving prospects of "something lingering, with boiling oil in it." But the whole party were amazingly cheerful during captivity, the women wearing pretty frocks, and the men being indefatigably breezy and facetious as is the habit of the ward-room when in hospitable mood. Since the object of the authors was to write a farce-comedy and not a melodrama, this was, I suppose, as it should be.

At the same time, although the audience knew as early as the opening scene that the capture was a "frame-up," the captives did not, and they might have shown a little more anxiety. The British navy is traditionally high-spirited even in circumstances of ghastly humour, but I doubt whether their female guests and a manufacturer of non-scratch woollen underwear from Leicester—a pushing type of cad—would have been equally dauntless.

There is a pretty sound rule in play-making that the audience should always be let into the secret at once, and the players should, apparently, be kept in the dark. But there are times when it can be broken, and this is, I think, one of them.

The main asset of *Admirals All* is the Admiral himself, played, of course, by Mr. Clive Currie. No Commander-in-Chief of the China Station would ever behave as Mr. Currie behaved in this play; it is well for the safety and prestige of the Empire that this should be so. But Mr. Currie was richly amusing whether pacing his own quarter-deck in Batemanesque rage or having (for good reasons which those who see the play will learn, and in which those who do not intend to see it cannot possibly be interested) to wash up the tea things and peel potatoes under the direction of his own servant, excellently played by Mr. Aubrey Mather.

Miss Diana Beaumont, in spite of a shadowy part, stood out among the ladies, acting with intelligence and charm and contributing some welcome decoration.

THE INFANT PRODIGY: Four-year-old Shirley Temple, the latest Hollywood discovery, whose dancing and singing in *Stand Up and Cheer* have been drawing large audiences to the Regal, Marble Arch. She is under contract to the Fox Film Corporation

"West End Scandals."—The statue of Sir Henry Irving in Charing Cross Road has frowned at the Garrick Theatre for some years. If bronze were more pliable it might frown still more at the entertainment labelled *West End Scandals*. This non-stop revue, however, fulfils its function; it sets out, quite openly, to appeal to those who are attracted to the theatre by the flaunting of sex and as great a degree of nudity as is legally permissible. There is some bright dancing, some knock-about sketches, good of their type, and some luscious and lightly-clad females for whom the footlights are no barrier, since one finds them brushing past one's stall at any moment.

Mr. Henry Lytton, junr., is a capable *compère*. But what would Sir W. S. Gilbert, who considered that he was being rather daring when he allowed girls to paddle in *The Pirates of Penzance*, have thought about these expanses of feminine flesh? And, by the way, it was Gilbert who built the Garrick Theatre.

"Romeo and Juliet."—The first tragedy produced at the Open Air Theatre was attended, on the occasion I saw it, by tragically depressing weather. But even in ideal weather conditions it is doubtful whether *Romeo and Juliet* is a suitable play for alfresco performance.

It was done, as all Mr. Sydney Carroll's productions are done, extremely well, and Mr. Robert Atkins, who had staged it, overcame natural difficulties which might have daunted a less enterprising spirit. The indoor scenes, however, and even the balcony scene, failed to give the impression of anything other than what they were—that is to say, a somewhat awkward compromise. The scenic problem, in short, was serious, and I doubt whether it would ever be possible to solve it quite satisfactorily.

The acting, on the other hand, was with one or two reservations first rate. I have never seen a better Juliet than Miss Margaretta Scott. Not only did she actually manage to suggest that she was fourteen (Juliet's "official" age), she showed us a child who had hitherto known nothing of love and was enjoying it "with white-souled wonderment." She can speak Shakespeare's lines exquisitely, and never yields to the temptation to sing them.

THE CATALAN CAPITAL

BARCELONA—an Ideal Holiday Centre

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW: An old-world square in the heart of the city

AT THE JUNCTION OF MANY BUSY THOROUGHFARES: The beautifully laid out Plaza de Cataluña

AS THE CAPITAL of Catalonia, and the most important commercial and industrial city in Spain, Barcelona has a wide claim to fame, but it is not, perhaps, realized as generally, that Barcelona is also a very important holiday centre, possessing hotels which will vie with any in Europe for comfort and cuisine, facilities for sport and amusement which are quite equal to those of any European city of its size, whilst its position on the Catalonian coast, within easy reach of many of its beauty spots, near to the Pyrenees, and to old monasteries, towns, and cities of great historical interest, having excellent connections therewith by rail and by road, and as a port for the beautiful Balearic Islands, entitles it to rank as one of the leading holiday resorts of Spain, and one with a climate which, during the summer, is very rarely oppressively hot, and which, during the autumn, is delightful.

Although it is one of the most modern cities in the world, with a population of over 1,000,000, Barcelona has a very interesting old quarter, known as the Ciudad, built upon the ruins of the town which was known as old Roman Barcino, and served as a Roman port. In Moorish times this became Bardjaluna, and then came Barcelona's elevation as the chief town of the Frankish Marca Hispanica, and later to the position of an independent countship, with recognized supremacy over its neighbours. The union of Aragon and Catalonia in 1137, gave Barcelona a commanding position, and enabled it to erect buildings of renown. Most of those which survive are to be found in the Ciudad, where although modern improvements have swept away many of the old, narrow, and rambling streets, something of the medieval aspect remains. Here are the Plaza del Rey, with its old-world air, and the fine Gothic cathedral, dating from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, with magnificent windows of stained glass, and said to be one of the finest specimens of Gothic churches in Spain, the fourteenth-century parish church of Santa Maria del Mar, with paintings by Catalan masters, and the City Hall and Provincial Council Hall, ancient buildings, held in much esteem by Catalans. Another fine old building, the Casa de la Lonja, built by Peter of Aragon in 1382, is in the spacious Plaza de Palacio, in the maritime district known as La Barceloneta.

Within the Ciudad, but near its edge, is the Plaza Real, with its splendid arcades and its palms; near by is the Calle de Fernando VII, the Bond Street of Barcelona, and not far off, the shady Rambla, always a scene of animation, and an excellent vantage point for the study of Catalan life. It leads to the Plaza de Cataluña, the chief centre of Greater Barcelona, and here you will see magnificent public and business buildings, fine hotels, broad thoroughfares and splendid shops, spacious squares and public gardens. Barcelona has, too, a beautiful park, with a waterfall, the Cascada, a good zoological collection, a statue of General Prim, a university, interesting museums of archæology and natural history, a palace of fine arts, an imposing House of Parliament and Palais de Justice, a gigantic statue of Christopher Columbus in the wide, palm-lined Paseo de Colon, whilst its theatres, music-halls, cafés and restaurants are of the highest Continental standard.

The electric tramway system of Barcelona is one of the finest and most economical to be found anywhere, and it enables the visitor to see a good deal of the suburban districts of the city.

Another of the great attractions of a holiday spent in Barcelona is the opportunity offered of visiting the famous old monasteries of Poblet and Santa Creus, and the mountains of Montseny and Montserrat. The beauty of the former has been sung by Verdaguer and other Catalan poets, and the lovely valley of Santa Fé, where there is a delightful hotel, is one of the most striking features of its glorious scenery.

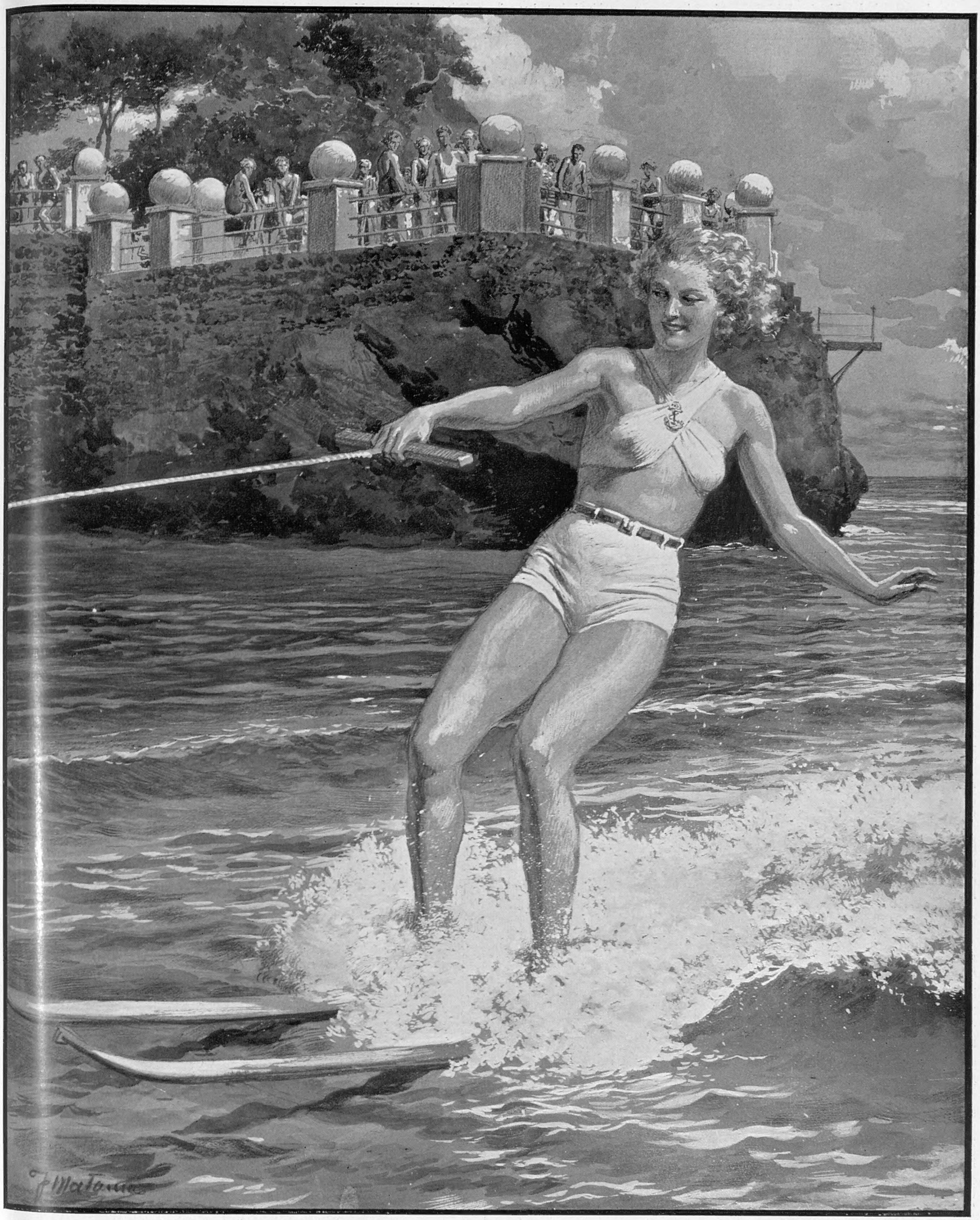
NATURE IN FANTASTIC MOOD: The jagged peaks of Montserrat, near Barcelona

Montserrat is a mountain marvel of jagged pinnacles of fantastic form and lofty spires rising from a huge parent mass and touching a height of just over 4,000 ft. On its eastern side the River Lobregat dashes past and on all sides it abounds with ravines and precipices. In one part there is a great rift between two peaks, made, so the Spanish legends say, when rocks were rent at the time of the Crucifixion, and here, on the edge of the Valle Malo, nearly 3,000 ft. high, a great abyss at its feet, and wild, rugged scenery all around, stands the Monastery of Our Lady of Montserrat.

There are several other interesting excursions from Barcelona—to Tarragona, a fine old city on a hill overlooking the Mediterranean which was the first city to be Romanized in Spain, where the great Emperor Augustus once lived for two years and the Emperor Hadrian spent a considerable time, and where there are old houses still with inscriptions in Latin on their façades, and many Roman architectural remains; also many a fine building of later medieval times, notably a cathedral which is one of the noblest examples of early Spanish art; Gerona, another old town of Roman, Carthaginian, and Visigothic times, with a cathedral famous in Spanish architecture; and Lerida, of similar antiquity, and famed for the beauty of many of its ancient buildings: in fact, a holiday spent in Barcelona affords that all-round pleasure which is found none too easily in any land.

THE IMPOSING PARLIAMENT BUILDING: Since last year Catalonia has been a self-governing unit within the Spanish Republic

Along the coast of Catalonia, within easy reach of Barcelona, there are delightful little seaside resorts—Sitges, Geltru, Terramar, Villanueva, Blanes and S. Agaro, with excellent bathing. The scenery along the Costa Brava is magnificent—steep rocky cliffs, with little inlets between, where the water is crystal clear, and sandy coves, backed by gently-sloping tree-clad hills, with a strong appeal to lie there and laze throughout a long summer afternoon!



Off the Point de la Vieille

The Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—a new production straight from New York—will be at the SUMMER SPORTING throughout the Season

MONTE CARLO BEACH

LIFE IN THE RHODESIAN COPPER BELT

(Continued from p. 264)

prophecies. Give us a prosperous world, and by 1940 there will be a demand for 5,000,000 tons of copper a year . . ."

"A Copper Eldorado . . . cities up here."

The red glare of the smelters and pulsing of heavy machinery announce N'kana in the night. After days in the train I am glad to follow the hotel porter on foot through the bush, along narrow paths to the hotel.

This is the first of many surprises in the Copper Belt. I had been told there was a good hotel; but I did not expect this great two-storeyed building standing at the very edge of the tropical forest. As I passed the lounge, I caught a glimpse of people in deep, modern chairs, listening to the Paris radio. Then I entered a large room, built for the tropics, with glass-topped furniture, running water, electric reading lamps, a bed with a mosquito net.

It does not seem such a long way from Cape Town now. In these surroundings I am prepared to enjoy my stay in a land which, only a few years ago, was a sinister corner of Africa where a white man walked in danger of his life.

"This will never be a white man's country until the white man can grow a black skin to keep out the sun," declared a visitor to the copper mines of Northern Rhodesia some years ago.

Without any such startling change of colour, however, the white man in the Copper Belt to-day is winning a great victory over a climate once regarded as deadly. The old saying—"if a man has a hidden weakness Africa will find it out"—remains true. But the men of the Copper Belt are picked men. They live there healthily and happily, most of them, year after year.

Nowhere else in tropical Africa have I seen such comfort, even luxury, as I found everywhere along the Copper Belt. There are still difficult problems to be faced; it remains to be seen whether white families will flourish for long within 900 miles of the Equator. The Copper Belt is still a bad place for invalids. The nervous person who sees madness in every chance exposure to the sun, and death in every insect bite, is better out of it. We will talk to the doctors about such things a little later. Come into the homes of N'kana—the largest mine settlement—and see how these far-away people live.

"Thank heaven the Americans planned these houses," one woman said to me. And indeed the high American standard of living and ideals has made a vast difference to the cosmopolitan inhabitants of N'kana. Every house has a garden—wonderful some of them are, with their carnations and roses and green lawns that grow so well. Beds of strawberries, tomatoes, green peas, and other vegetables help to keep down the cost of living. Mango trees grow and bear fruit almost as quickly as the tree in the celebrated Eastern illusion. You can select a paw-paw for breakfast from your own garden.

All houses are netted against the chief enemy, the mosquito. The fine gauze gives such good protection that few people in N'kana sleep under mosquito nets. The veranda is probably used more than any other room. I have pleasant memories of those cool verandas, shaded with green blinds, decorated with spears and skins and carved wooden masks; the white-clad native boy with the tray of drinks and "small chop" at sundown time; the friendly, cheerful faces, not at all like other exiles in less remote corners of Africa.

Every house has hot and cold running water and a flush drainage system. Ice is sent to the door every day by the mine refrigerating plant; the charge for a large block is 3d. Forty units of electricity a month are supplied free.

WHERE TROPICAL DISEASES ARE TREATED: The European Hospital at N'kana, Northern Rhodesia

Everyone, from the heads of departments in their large gabled mansions to the youngest bachelors in circular Kayter huts, enjoys the pleasures of city homes at a cost that might well make people in South Africa envy them. At the moment there is a housing shortage at N'kana, the hotel and the boarding-houses are full.

The houses are so attractive that many of the young men want to be married; there are scores on the waiting list. It is not difficult to visualize N'kana as a city in the tropical bush. Already there are 1,600 white people and 10,000 natives living there.

Walk round the streets of N'kana; it is cool enough for walking, though they tell me that the best weather comes after the rainy season. Here is the new Rhokana Club, almost completed at a cost of £15,000 and built out of the profits made by the old club. Over the way is a cinema hall which cost £18,000. Every great "talkie" that comes to the Union reaches N'kana within a few weeks. All seats in the cinema are the same price, 2s. 3d.

N'kana has banks and soda fountains, shops and hairdressers, garages—and a free bus service! The buses take the children to school and the mine pays. There is a free bus to the cinema, too, and a hotel bus that runs employees backwards and forwards to the mine.

N'kana does not lose touch with the outside world, for every train brings someone back from leave, and holidays are usually spent overseas.

Leave ranges from three weeks to two months a year. No employee is allowed to remain at N'kana without a holiday for more than three years. Mining men are great travellers. There are no racial prejudices in the Copper Belt, and the principle of finding the best man for each particular job holds good. So Americans and Canadians, Cornish miners, Scottish engineers, craftsmen from most of the countries of Europe, come and go, bringing a rich experience to this new field of enterprise. There is hardly a mine of importance in the world, I suppose, where someone in the Copper Belt has not worked at some time or other.

Life in the tropical Copper Belt, then, is not merely bearable—most of the people there would not exchange it for similar careers elsewhere. The sense of isolation is vanishing. Often I had to remind myself that I was 2,000 miles from Cape Town; a busy air about these rising towns dispels loneliness.

A BOOK LIST

WM. HEINEMANN, LTD.—THE BOWSTRING MURDERS. By Carter Dickson. 7s. 6d. net. CHAPMAN & HALL.—PORCELAIN PEOPLE. By Shamus Frazer. 7s. 6d. net. OIL AND WINE. By Philip Inman. 8s. 6d. net. THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH. By Osbert Burdett. 15s. net. HUTCHINSON & CO.—THUS MERLIN SAID. By E. O. Browne. 7s. 6d. net. J. M. DENT & SONS.—HERON. By Romilly Cavan. 7s. 6d. net. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—MAN-SHY: A Story of Men and Cattle. By Frank Dalby Davison. Illustrated by Frank Wallace. 6s. net. T. WERNER LAURIE.—THE COMMON SENSE OF NUDISM: Including a Survey of Sun-Bathing and "Light Treatments." By George Ryley Scott. Illustrated. 6s. net. "EAST AFRICA."—NYASALAND WITHOUT PREJUDICE. By L. S. Norman. With foreword by Sir Alfred Sharpe. 5s. net.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Committee of the *Arethusa* Training Ship have received a report from Hong Kong, that recently twenty-three old *Arethusa* boys from the Naval Station there, joined together at a Dinner. The Chair was taken by a Lieutenant-Commander, and all the old boys bore witness to their success in the Navy being due to the training that they had received when in the *Arethusa* Training Ship. This great work of training poor boys for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine is in urgent need of funds, and all donations will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

THE COUNTRY OF NATURAL BEAUTY

Travel Offers Unlimited Possibilities For Recreation and Sightseeing

SPORT—FISHING—HUNTING AND MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

The world's famous thermal springs: CARLSBAD, MARIENBAD, FRANZENSBAD, PISTANY, etc., etc.

Its Capital—

PRAGUE

A city—Historic—Romantic, yet full of modern life.

For full information apply to Ministry of Commerce—Section IV., Prague or to Cedok — Touristic Information Office, 21 Regent St., London, S.W.1, and at all Travel Agencies.

Readers of

THE SPHERE

are invited to make use of the free facilities afforded by

The SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Advice to readers, for which no charge is made, is gladly given on all aspects of travel. Transportation by air, rail, sea or road, hotel accommodation, clothing and equipment—in short, advice and information upon any matter which merits prior consideration in connection with travel.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, STRAND, LONDON

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE SKETCH," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kursfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Berlin.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to:—

PARIS OFFICE:
65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées *for*
France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN OFFICE:
Kurfürstendamm, 32, *for*
Germany, Scandinavia, the Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—*August* 18, 1934. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

U., South Persia (tour through Europe).—An interesting route from Istanbul would be as follows: Istanbul, Budapest, Vienna, Venice, Cortina d'Ampezzo one of the most beautiful centres in the famous Dolomite region of Italy, over the Brenner Pass to Mieders, a small resort in the lovely Stubai Valley of the Austrian Tirol. Thence via Innsbruck to Garmisch Partenkirchen, a noted beauty spot in the Bavarian Alps, and on to Freudenstadt in the heart of the Black Forest. From there to Nuremberg, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Cologne, Brussels, Bruges, and Ostende.

C., London (Wales and the Shetland Isles).—The following motor tour would take you through some of the most beautiful scenery in Wales. Chester to Llangollen via the Horseshoe Pass, the latter lying between Llandegla and Llangollen. To Corwen, Bettws-y-Coed, Capel-Curig, Bethesda, Bangor, and over the Menai Bridge to the village in Anglesey which you particularly wish to visit. Thence to Carnarvon, Llanberis, Baeddgelert, Portmadoc, Barmouth, Dolgelly, Machynlleth, Aberystwyth, Rhayader via the Devil's Bridge, Builth Wells, Brecon, Abergavenny, Pontrilas, and Ross. Unst is better known to tourists than any other island outside the mainland in the Shetlands. The island is hilly with some fine rock and cliff scenery. The main excursion to be made is that to the caves at the mouth of Burrafirth and Muckle Flugga lighthouse, but several other boat trips can be made round the island. A comfortable hotel at Baltasound is the Nord. If you intend visiting several of the Shetland Islands you will find a copy of the *Guide to Shetland* very useful. It can be obtained from T. and J. Manson, Lerwick, price 2s. 6d.

S., Bombay. (Majorca).—Majorca can be reached from Marseilles from where there is a weekly sailing every Friday, or from Barcelona from where there is a daily sailing, the journey in both cases being an over-night one. Soller Port, Pollensa Port and Deya are all small picturesque little places on the north-west coast. Hotels include the Mary Cel at Pollensa Port, the Marina la Playa at Soller Port and the Tourista Hotel at Deya. The boats of the Orient Line call at Palma, Majorca, so that possibly you could transfer to one of these at Port Said.

M., Worc. (Cyprus).—The headquarters of the Prince Line, Ltd., are at 56, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3. The fare for the single voyage to Cyprus costs £27 up to the end of November and £22 after that date. There are sailings every three weeks, but we would advise you to book well in advance as the accommodation on these boats is usually reserved weeks ahead. Passports are necessary for Cyprus, and must be visa-ed for Egypt, as the boat calls at various ports there.

Hints for Travellers

A ROUND THE WORLD CRUISE. The Canadian Pacific have produced a splendid little brochure dealing with the round-the-world cruise of the *Empress of Britain* next winter, starting from Monaco, on January 29. It is printed in photogravure, with the maps showing the route taken in black and silver, and the cover is in the same attractive colouring. The letterpress describes the various places to be visited, among which are the Holy Land, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Malaya, Java, Bali, Siam, the Philippines and Japan, in a very entertaining manner.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein (the world's most radioactive thermal Springs).—**"Der Kaiserhof."**—The hotel of distinction. Comf. service. Unriv. posn.

BELGIUM.

Brussels. — Grand Hotel. — Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Antwerp. — Grand Hotel de Londres. — Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt. Fnst.sit. Fac. sea & mst. wndfl. sands of Belgian coast. 140 rms. Ex. kit. Full bd. trms. fr. Frs. 60.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad. — Hotel Königsvilla. — The leading first class hotel with all modern comfort, best situation with own beautiful park.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Bristol. — First-class. From Frs. 70 daily. Near sea. G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E. Prop.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st cl. hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Lyons.—Carlton Hotel.— The best reduced rates.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace. Opp. Casino Gdns. Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, suite Frs. 75.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—200 beds. First-class, rooms from R.M. 4.50. Situated in the Kurpark opposite Casino.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue." — The well-known Family Hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus). — Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 11.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comf. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, w. p. b. fr. R.M. 8. A. Grieshaber, Man.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Cologne. — Furstenhof. — Situated opposite station and Dome. Beautiful view. All comforts. Rooms from M. 3.50 up.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof. Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. R.M. 5, with bath fr. R.M. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Freiburg.—Freiburger Hof.—125 beds. Mod. Popular. Orchestra. Pens. fr. Mk. 8.50. **Hotel Salmen.**—Mod. family house. Pens. fr. Mk. 7.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch/Bavarian Alps.—Sonnenbichl Golf Hotel. — Facing the Zugspitze. First class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 R.M.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mainz.—Hotel Karpfen.—Opposite landing stage. Founded 16th century. All comforts. Moderate prices.

München.—Hotel 'Der Königshof,' Karlsplatz 25.—1st cl., nr. theatres and museums. 150 rms, 50 bths. New underground gar. in hotel.

Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof. — Leading house. 75 beds. Famous cuisine and wines.

Schlangenbad.—Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea Concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks. Thermal baths.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from R.M. 10.

ITALY.

Rome. — Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs. — Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

ITALY—*continued.*

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fashnble Isl. of all sports. Golf (18-hs.), polo, sailg., fishg., tenn., shootg., beach. The perfect resort for holidays.

Courmayeur (Aosta)—In the heart of the Alps.—**Royal Hotel Bertolini.**—100 rooms. Baths. Grdn. Orch. Tennis. Pens. fr. Lire 40.

Gardone (Lake of Garda).—Grand Hotel.—Large park. Garden on Lake Front. Tennis. Golf. Fishing. Bathing. Pension 45 Lire.

Menaggio (Lake of Como).-Victoria Hotel.-(1st cl.) Golf (18). Tenn. Bowlg. On lake shores. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. fr. 35-55 Lr. (11/6 to 17/6)

SWEDEN.

Saltsjöbaden (near Stockholm).—Grand Hotel.—Ldg. tourist hotel. House with every comf. for those desiring the best. Rsnble. terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Schweizerhof.—First class. Every modern comfort. Open-air Restaurant. Private auto-parking. Room from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Interlaken. — Hotel Schweizerhof.—Best sit. fcg. Jungfrau, next Gdn. of Cas. All comf. Renowned Cuisine. Gar. Pens. fr. Frs. 14.50.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne. — The Hotel Victoria. — Home-like house, latest comfort. Rooms from 5 Frs. Inclusive from 13 Frs Garden. Garage.

Les Avants s/Montreux (3,281 ft.).—**Hotel de Jaman-Bellevue.** — Renovated, running water. Inclus. terms from 12s. Nic. Vital, Prop.

Mont Pelerin above **Vevey.—Grand Hotel.**—1st cl. though inexpensive. 3,000 ft. Overlkg. Lake Geneva. Nr. Lausanne, Vevey. Illus. Pros.

Montreux. - Hotel Continental.—On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-dte. Idl. hme. Chrmg. pstn. Grdn. Grge. New Rates. Cortsy. (Res. Pro. W. Deig.)

Montreux.-Montreux Palace Hotel.-Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. facing lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tenn. Lge. pk. Grge. Beach.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine, pension from Frs. 10.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—"The best of the best." Tenn., Bathg., Mountaineering, Dancg. Inclus. terms from Frs. 16—Fritz Borter, Propr.

Zurich. — Dolder Grand Hotel. — Golf in front of hotel. 1,900 feet. Wonderful view swimming pool.

LE TOUQUET—HOTEL BRISTOL

£1 per day inclusive throughout season. 100 Rooms. 50 Baths. Near Sea. Roulette. Baccara. *G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E., Proprietor.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF *The Sphere*

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
AT HOME ...	£3 0s. 10d.	£1 10s. 5d.	15s. 3d.
CANADA ...	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 4d.	15s. 2d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	£3 9s. 6d.	£1 14s. 9d.	17s. 5d

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF *The Sphere*,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Please send me THE SPHERE *weekly for* _____ *months,*

commencing with the issue of _____

for which I enclose _____

Name _____

Address _____

Date _____ *1934*

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

RENDELLS

OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES! Increased my own height to 6ft. 3½ins. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarboro', England. (P.O. Box 15).

"AUTOMAX" PRINTS 3½"×2½"
FROM LEICA AND OTHER MINIATURE NEGS
2'- PER DOZ.

LEICA CAMERA LIST FREE ON REQUEST

WALLACE HEATON LTD
119, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

In Town . . . at the Seaside

Every Bookstall - Every Newsagent

sells Britannia and Eve.

YOUR HOLIDAY

will be happier if you take THIS magazine

You'll have these to read:

FLASHBACKS OF HISTORY: No. 8: "ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES."
"AND NOW—WHAT?": *by Cosmo Hamilton.*
BALBO THE MAGNIFICENT: *by Lady Drummond Hay.*
PRISONERS AND CAPTIVES: *by C. Fox Smith.*
"THEY WERE NEVER HEARD OF AGAIN": *by J. G. Sarasin.*
NEW SOUTH WIND: *by Ferdinand Tuohy.*
"SHANDRAKE": *by Arthur Mills.*
CRUISES BELOW DECKS: *by G. Allison Field.*
"THAT WRONG SORT OF STORY": *by Hannen Swaffer.*
"PREVIOUS RANK": *by Van Wyck Mason.*
TOWN OR COUNTRY HOUSE-KEEPING?
OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES: ANOTHER CHARMING HOME IN CHELSEA.
THE VIRTUE OF SIMPLICITY: FURNISHINGS AND DECORATIONS. *by Winifred Lewis.*
OLD TALES RE-TOLD: "PAUL AND THECLA": *by D. R. Fotheringham. Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.*
"THE FUR COAT": *by W. B. Trites.*
HOLIDAY HEALTH.
THE ONE, TWO, THREE OF BEAUTY: ECONOMICAL BEAUTY TREATMENT. *by "Chrysis."*
THE BUSYBODY'S NOTEBOOK. *for Women*
DRESSING TO PLEASE MEN: *by Jean Burnup.*
FASHIONS FOR WOMEN THAT MEN APPRAISE.
LUGGAGE FASHIONS OF TO-DAY: *by Judith Ann Silburn*
KEEPING THE CHILDREN HAPPY ON HOLIDAY: *by Winifred Lewis.*
HOLIDAY KNITTING.
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH.
BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.*
SIMPLE DRESS DESIGNS: PAPER PATTERN SERVICE.
SUMMER DRINKS: *by A. H. Adair.*
LIGHT MEALS FOR AUGUST.
MOTORING SECTION: *By The Earl of Cardigan.*

MAGNIFICENT STORIES, something to interest YOU. There's never a dull moment on holiday when you've got BRITANNIA and EVE. In the AUGUST issue there's enough to read from the day you go until the day you return. Just you get it and see. Every Newsagent sells it.

BRITANNIA AND EVE

THE MOST ENTERTAINING MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2.—*August* 18, 1934. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. 1903.